MOUNTAIN MEN

G·B·ALEXANDER
AND
M. BARCLAY

Davis

Rev. Gabriel Alexander, B.A., B.D.,
and
Shushan his Wife.

MOUNTAIN MEN

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By

REV. GABRIEL BAR ALEXANDER, B.A., B.D.,

AND

M. BARCLAY,

Author of "Seekers after Rest," "Retold,"
"The New Jerusalem,"
"Mrs. Boardman's Words of Counsel and Comfort."

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MOUNTAIN MEN.

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MOUNTAIN MEN.

BY ONE OF THEM.

THERE is always some special interest connected with Bible lands, and with the people who made the Bible as touched by the Spirit of God, and by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. The following interesting stories are of men who have descended from Abrahamic seed. We have been marvellously kept by God in these mountains from very ancient time up to present. We have suffered persecution, martyrdom, and death which, if it were told, would be difficult to Western people to believe. But under all most trying and indescribable difficulties, we have kept our faith. We are a very interesting people to all who have seen and known us well. Our customs and manners are the same as they were at the time of the Bible. Our people are simple minded, and

live very simply; hospitality is a part of our people's being; we are cordial and pleasant to everybody, but quick to anger, and to fight.

We are quite a different disposition and manner to Armenians, with whom we are often confounded. Our language in the mountains is kept incorrupt, which is the ancient or Psheto language. Our moral life is of the highest standard; intermarriage with other people is strictly forbidden. Our nation is in separate tribes, and animated with clannish spirit. Our men and women are courageous; they have never been subject to Turk or Persian, who would have dragged them into the miseries of misruling and cruelties. They are all soldiers for themselves, every child is trained up to carry a dagger and a rifle, until it has come to be an ornament. They are of high ambition and keen mind; a very economical and thrifty people; their dark hair, and dark eyes, and light complexions, give them an admired beauty.

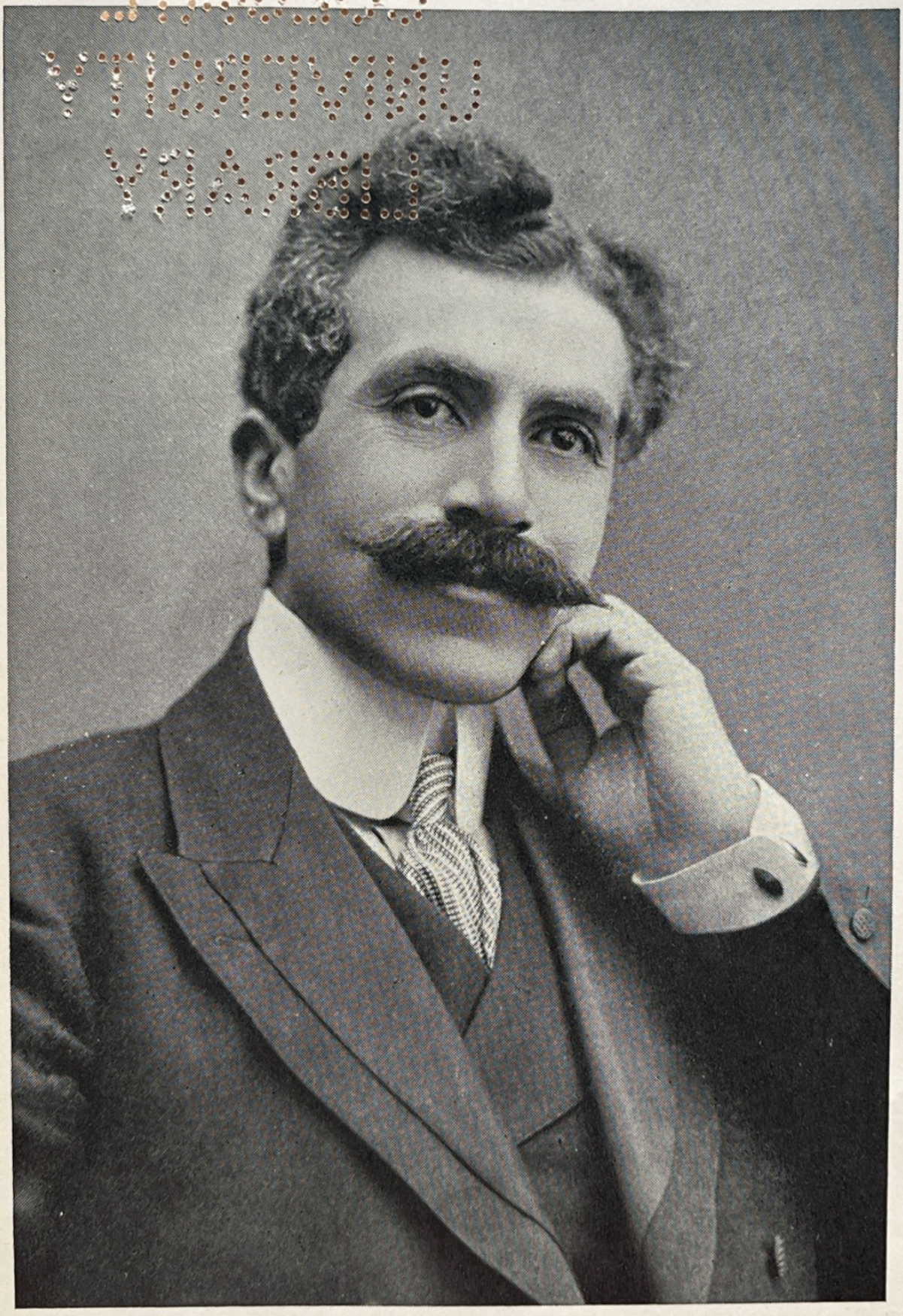
These stories are written to make us better known, as an interesting race; and to interest all readers to support the

Nestorian Mission, which is in great need. Should any reader like to communicate with any of the Syrians whose histories are given here, they can do so through the Honorary Secretary.

Very sincerely yours,

GABRIEL BAR ALEXANDER.

GABRIEL OF BAZ.



Rev. Gabriel Bar Alexander, B.A., B.D.

GABRIEL OF BAZ.

It is suitable to begin this book with the story of the one who has chiefly contributed to it, and who is, in fact, co-author of it. The profits of this book are to be devoted to the furtherance of his Mission in Persia.

ONE thinks of ancient Nineveh as consisting only of heaps of ruins, but it was there the infant Gabriel was born. His father, Alexander, like many of his village, was a weaver of linen, and he frequently spent the winter in Mesopotamia collecting material for his work. When the snows were melted, the family returned to Baz, a mountain valley, one of the loveliest in the magnificent range of Kurdistan. There the purest water and freshest air are found, making it one of the healthiest places in the world. There all the men are tall, slight, and strong, lithe of limb and swift in running, and remarkable for their beauty and fair complexions. Here, then, Gabriel Alexander grew up. He early lost his

parents, and was cared for by his grandmother, a most remarkable woman. She was renowned through all the country for her wisdom; even Mar Shimon, the Patriarch, would sometimes come to consult her. At the great age of nearly 120 years, the village met to mourn over her and to bury her; but as they were carrying the body to the grave she suddenly sat up and proved herself alive. She lived for three years afterwards. Her age was verified by the things that she could remember as happening in her youth; all her life she had lived in that mountain village, in the clear atmosphere and glorious sunshine which, even in Winter's depths of snow, flooded the place. So death lingered, as though loath to visit the patriarchal matron.

Gabriel (pronounced Gawriel) was of the principal family in the village. His uncle was malik or prince of his tribe.

A curious privilege was believed to be attached to this family, and peculiar to them. If any one of the villagers were sick, the relatives sent to a member of this family. On the way perfect silence was maintained, and the messenger was often sent away once

or twice before he was received; this was done to test his faith. Prayer was then offered, and some small article of food sent to the sick person, after which he was healed.

The mountain ranges of Asia Minor abound with animals—wild boar, wild goats and sheep, bears, wolves, and lynxes. As young Gabriel grew up he loved hunting, and many an encounter did he have with the bears who came to devour the corn and to destroy the vineyards and orchard produce. A single night is enough for them to pick and eat all the fruit of the largest cherry tree. But in Autumn, when no fruit is to be had, they boldly attack the flocks of sheep and goats. They spend about forty days in the coldest part of Winter in caves in the rocks, or in holes they dig in the mountain side, lying in a sort of lethargy, sucking one of their paws, and making a noise like the purring of a cat. It is during this state that the bear can alone be sought with hope of success. The hunters place themselves by the sides of the cave, ready to fire, and call upon him to come out, throwing stones and firing pistols to wake

him up. In this exciting sport the boy delighted to take part. Great numbers of hares were found and often pursued. Strong and hardy the lad grew up, but this wild life was not to last.

While very young, his father had devoted him to God, and when of sufficient age he was sent down from his mountain home to Urumiah, to be educated by the American missionaries. These excellent men were often perplexed when, from time to time, some wild mountaineers appeared among their scholars. These were so lawless, so fierce, so proud of their independent tribes, who had never been conquered; they despised those who, living in Persia, had submitted to Mohammedan sway. On the least provocation or slight to their dignity, their eyes would gleam with sudden passion, and daggers flash out, ready for a fight.

Kind old Dr. Shedd would say, "Leave them alone, do not provoke them by setting them to work." For one young man, on being asked to sweep out the yard, a work the students were expected to do, was so angry he drew out his knife and threatened to kill the teacher.

And now, here was young Gabriel, a perfect specimen of the wild mountain men, standing expectant like one of his own mountain deer, bold, daring, untamed; how would he ever submit to college discipline? They thought it unwise to try, he must go somewhere else first; so they arranged to send him to Deacon Abraham's Orphanage. Now the Deacon was pleased to have a nephew of Malik Yonan, whom he knew well. He received Gabriel, and became a true and loving father to the boy, who repaid him by a lifelong, true affection. Gabriel remained three years in the Orphanage, when his uncle, who felt it somewhat of a degradation for him to be there—because in the East orphans are looked down upon—summoned him to return home. Gabriel remembers well how the kind old Deacon went with him part of the way, and, when they parted, knelt down and commended him to God.

The lad reached his home in safety. It was a large and comfortable dwelling; the walls were of great thickness, and built of stone; a staircase on the outside wall led up to the three stories above; the roof, like all

Eastern houses, was flat, with a parapet around it. Near it were barns and shelters for cattle, sheep, and goats. In some of the poorer houses, these animals, in Winter-time, share the one dwelling-room of the family. But Gabriel's family were the highest in the country, and therefore possessed more than ordinary comforts. Gabriel's eldest brother was head of the household, and had a large tract of land belonging to him. In after years Shlimon, for that was his name, became a preacher to the villages around, and was so esteemed by all, that his neighbours confided their money and valuables to his care on leaving home. There in simple patriarchal dignity this good man still lives in his ancestral home, a centre of blessing and a true witness for God.

To this pleasant home came young Gabriel, and, by his own desire, soon took up the occupation of a shepherd. We may picture the tall, handsome boy in his white embroidered dress, with a gay turban on his head, his gun slung behind him, his shepherd's staff in hand, and a bag of salt for the sheep at his side, climbing the hill-side and calling his sheep by name as they

followed after him: Marjana (gem), Speehay (white), Marazie (silky), Sharbaty (sweet). The Shepherd Psalm (Ps. xxiii.) could have been fulfilled in every verse by Gabriel's daily life. He was very happy in it, and for protection several shepherds joined together; their huge shepherd dogs—as large, they say, as our Newfoundland dogs—watching the flocks, three or four to a flock. They could pull down a wolf with ease. The Shepherd Psalm should be rather styled the Psalm of the Sheep, for it is a sheep that is supposed to be speaking.

"The Lord is my Shepherd: I shall not want." How fully the Eastern sheep trust their protector! They are beautiful animals, much larger than our sheep. The rams have huge curling horns, and all possess the broad, thick tail, esteemed such a delicacy. Sometimes the tail is so heavy that the sheep can scarcely walk.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." This is the chief care of the shepherd, for poisonous grasses grow among the pastures, and must be avoided, or the sheep will die.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters."

The sheep fear the rushing mountain torrents, and will not drink from them. The shepherd has to make a little pond with earth and stones, to which he leads the water by a channel, so that the sheep may have still waters.

"He restoreth my soul." Many a sheep is lost among the precipices if the shepherd does not watch always, and when it strays bring back the wanderer.

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me." There are deep gorges almost dark in shadow, where wolves, bears, and ravenous beasts lie hidden; but if the shepherd with his gun or his club is walking first, the sheep follow him fearlessly, "for they know his voice."

And so, even though fierce enemies abound, the sheep can feed in peace, and when the day is over, and the sun is declining over the mountains, and the crimson glow of sunset lights up the rocky peaks, the shepherd brings his flock home. Jesus said, "I am the door." At the narrow gate which leads into the fold stands the shepherd, turning his body to let one by one

pass in—or, if a tall man, the sheep run between his legs—and he examines each. Some are scratched by thorns or cut by stones. He anoints the wound with oil, which quickly heals. No wonder the happy sheep can say of such tender care, "My cup runneth over."

There are other enemies of the flocks. The Kurds often steal the sheep. They are nominal Mohammedans, but have no real religion. Their only profession is robbery, and the children are all brought up to it; they have even such a tender conscience that a Kurd has been known to say he felt miserable and uneasy because it was so long since he had stolen anything.

One night Gabriel and a cousin were watching the fold—two watchers are always necessary—when four Kurds came quietly over the hill; leaving one to watch on the heights, another came to the fold and seized a sheep. It is necessary for a thief to walk erect and step boldly in; if he stoops, the sheep are quick to discern a thief and will fly at once. Gabriel's cousin fired, but his gun, being an old matchlock, hung fire, and the man fled. In a few minutes the whole

village was aroused, and pursued the robbers, for there were 5,000 sheep together belonging to the villagers. They did not, however, capture them; but one of their dogs, Burrows by name, had found the Kurd who had been set to watch crouching behind a stone. He could have torn him to pieces, but, being very intelligent, he saw the Kurd had a gun, and ran back barking to his friends. Again and again he ran a little way and returned, springing up to them; so they followed, and he led them straight to the thief, who was shot by Gabriel's uncle. For their tribe had made an agreement with the Kurds that, if anyone was caught stealing sheep, he would be treated as a wolf, and if shot, it was not to be considered murder.

The village of Baz lies in a deep valley, out of which six other valleys branch; it is so secure, with its rampart of rocks, and the well-known bravery of its inhabitants, that the Kurds have never attacked it. There are several tribes there, called Allam, Dodo, Makdousi, the tribe of Gabriel being the chief one, Eckmalay. One tribe is called Kasha or priest, for it is customary

for one in each family to become a priest, and certain fields are given for the possession of the priests, as in the old Levitical law.

Two years were spent in this pleasant free life upon the mountains, but Gabriel never again made his home there. In Summer all the village people left their valleys, and went to encamp upon the mountain top, some in tents, some in huts, to watch their flocks and herds. This they have done from time immemorial, and still do, for the customs of the East are unchangeable. In Winter the families who have a trade, cotton or linen weavers, go down to the plains of Mesopotamia; those who remain take care of the cattle and sheep and goats. For these large quantities of hay are stacked. The grass on the mountains is rich and luxuriant, growing up to a man's chest. It never requires to be sown, but is cut, and carried down on the shoulders of men and women. The animals are sheltered in their barns, and never go out till Spring returns. For the snow falls in vast quantities—yards and yards of snow, and Gabriel describes how the snow rushes down the side of the

mountains, bringing stones and earth with it, filling up the valleys. On the mountain tops the snows never melt; in the valley gorges great heaps of snow lie all the year. Beneath the snow runs "such a nice cold river—so pretty," said Gabriel. The men contrive to walk on the snow by means of large hoops bent into the shape of a horse-shoe, and covered with strips of leather. These shoes they fasten to their feet, and so travel from village to village. But no one can leave the mountain district during Winter. The only path to the plains runs along narrow ledges cut out of the side of the rocks, and over yawning precipices of great height, at the bottom of which often rushes a torrent river. It was to these almost inaccessible mountains the Nestorians fled from the persecutions of their enemies. One portion of the natives called the Ashiret (or Independent) has never been conquered. It is said that when Alexander the Great approached the Kurdistan range, he had a dream one night, in which God said to him, "Thou shalt not enter the temple of God," So the conqueror turned away from the only land that he could not subdue, and thus God

protected the remnant of His people Israel, who were hidden among those magnificent snow-capped hills.

The only patriotic love these people can retain is a passionate affection for their churches, which they say preserves their unity as a people. Their liturgy is extremely ancient, and very beautiful. They have bishops, pastors, and deacons, and claim that these were instituted by the Apostles.

The longing for education was strong in Gabriel, and he went back to Urumiah, where he was received by the American missionaries. He passed through their College, and won his diploma for every branch of study. Many young men were at that time leaving Persia to seek their fortunes in the West. Gabriel had heard of the great preacher Mr. Spurgeon; some of his friends in College had ventured to write to him, and had received a very kind letter from him. This determined Gabriel to go to see that great man, and ask his advice and protection.

A party of Nestorians were going to America, and Gabriel joined them. But

his means only sufficed as far as to Odessa; one of his companions kindly paid for his ticket that he might go with them to Berlin. Arrived there they told him "to be clever and smart and make his way," then they went on in the train, and Gabriel was left standing on the platform. It was a strange position for this boy of seventeen, left solitary in the German city, not knowing a word of its language. He went out into the street; his only possession was a huge Russian loaf of bread, wrapped in a blanket —he had no money left. The evening was drawing on; a crowd collected staring at the foreign boy in his strange costume. He stood waiting, expecting someone would come to invite him, as would be the case in his own hospitable land. But no one spoke to him, only the crowd of people looking curiously at him increased. Presently he was startled by the flash of the electric lights being turned on; he had never seen these before, and was greatly interested. But the hours passed slowly, ten o'clock struck, and then a policeman came to enquire his business. As he could not speak German, the policeman brought a

young man who could speak English, which Gabriel had learned. He soon made his case known, and a gentleman kindly made a collection and sent the boy to an hotel with a note to the landlord. Here he was kindly received; Mr. Pfaff, the landlord, took him to a beautiful room, such as he had never seen before. There was a large bed in it, but Gabriel did not know what to do, he had always slept on a mat on the floor. He looked at the bed, and thought if he were to spoil its appearance, and tumble the bed-clothes, they would think he was not a gentleman. The sheets he did not understand, for he had never slept between sheets in his life. Finally, he lay down outside the bed, and in the morning he smoothed it as well as he could. The housemaid, on seeing it, went to tell Mr. Pfaff, and that good man came and explained to the boy. Then, ordering a carriage after breakfast, he took him to see all the sights of Berlin, and finally paid his journey to Hamburg. Here the same troubles awaited him, but he was at last directed to the Sailors' Home, and found friends willing to pay his journey to

England. Now at last he was in the land of Spurgeon, and he eagerly asked how he was to find him. To his bitter disappointment he heard Mr. Spurgeon was in the South of France. Alone in the great city, he knew not where to go, but was directed to a Sailors' Home. A gentleman there ascertained the lad's great desire to study, and took him to various institutions, but he was refused admission; at last, in despair, he took him to Dr. Barnardo's Home in Stepney, where he heard there was another Nestorian youth, David Marioseph, whom he had known in Urumiah, who gave him my address.

One afternoon, looking out of my window, I saw a tall young man, attired in a white dress embroidered with green, turban on head, stop at my gate, a rabble of boys running and throwing stones at him. When the door was opened, he came to me, stretching out both hands, and said, "Mother!" Who could resist such an appeal, with that bright face and those beautiful dark eyes looking so pleadingly to me? Of course, I took him in, and he added much to the cheerfulness of the house. He was with

me three months, and part of that time I sent him with an old evangelist, Mr. Day, on a preaching tour through the villages of Surrey and Kent, with a tent which Gabriel erected for the meetings. Shortly after, finding two elderly Nestorian pastors going to America, I arranged for Gabriel to go with them. The senior, Mr. Neesan, had promised to look after him as a son, for he also was from the mountains. Gabriel, however, was left to his own resources soon after landing. He got work in various ways, and supported himself. At one time he took a situation as gardener to a gentleman. Then he and another Nestorian opened a restaurant. But though they worked hard, the Lord had other plans for Gabriel, so He did not allow it to succeed. The thirst for study returned on Gabriel. By working in the Summer vacations he paid his College fees at Yale College. Then, getting a scholarship every year by dint of hard study, he went to a higher College; then through a theological course. Latin, Greek, Hebrew, became familiar to him; he read and studied until his black hair was streaked with grey as a

result of that tremendous strain. The wild mountain boy became a learned man and a polished gentleman, knowing eight different languages.

It must be difficult for foreigners to understand our language, but when slang is spoken no wonder they are fairly puzzled; this often happened to Gabriel. Once, on paying an hotel bill, he asked if he owed anything more; the answer was, "No, you are quite square." Gabriel said, "I knew square meant a four-sided figure, so I felt very indignant, and said, 'I am not square, I am tall.'"

Another time, when in College, he enquired for a friend, and the man replied, "You are always wanting Charlie; he is hanging round the building somewhere." Gabriel was appalled. Had Charlie committed suicide, or was he murdered? He ran out and looked all round the house, searching for his unfortunate friend's body, but no one was hanging there, and on his return saying so, was greeted with a roar of laughter.

He never accomplished his first dream of being under Spurgeon, but he became, like

him, a Baptist pastor, and returned to settle in Geogtapa, near to the old Orphanage, his first school. The good old Deacon was gone to his rest, and Gabriel's aged grandmother had died three years before. He is now the minister of a church in Geogtapa; he has opened several schools, which he superintends, and is deservedly beloved.

The village of Tolakey lies within the borders of Persia, and is therefore not independent. The Nestorians who live there, like their mountain brethren, keep large flocks and herds. One time the marauding Kurds had driven away a large number of their sheep. The whole village in fierce indignation pursued them; the Kurds fled, and the Nestorians drove them before them until they reached the village of Shebani, where a stand was made, and a desperate fight took place. Seven of the best fighters of the Nestorians had entered a house which they defended gallantly. But the Kurds had rallied in large numbers, and the Nestorians were forced to retreat. The seven men, not knowing their party was defeated, had remained in the house; the Kurds surrounded it, and setting fire to it, the seven brave men

were burned to death. Three orphan children belonging to these men were brought in a destitute state, barefooted, with but one garment, to Mr. Alexander, and received into his ragged school. Three hundred children of the refugees, victims of Kurd or Turkish oppression, attend these ragged schools; many of them have to be fed and clothed. They are carefully taught, and many of them beg hard for a Bible, even before they have learned to read it. This is not Gabriel's only work; he has service in his own little church in Geogtapa, and on Sundays his work is hard. The moment one service is over, his horse is ready for him to gallop to another village and preach there, then to another, and another, as long as the day and his strength holds out. It is a self-denying life, for with his talents Gabriel might have acquired wealth, and risen to a higher position, but he has no salary guaranteed. He is a poor man, and often helps in domestic work, for they keep no servant, but he has one treasure in his good and beautiful young wife, Shushan, who loves him devotedly. His only wish is that he could have a little vineyard to sup-

port her in case of his death. He says in all Persia cannot be found a couple who lead a more happy life—happy in each other, and full of the joy of the Holy Ghost.

It has been asked, What is Gabriel's principal work? He replies that he looks on preaching and pastoral visiting as his chief duties; he also teaches English in his different schools, gives Bible lessons to the senior scholars, superintends the various teachers he employs, and visits the sick; aiming in all things to be a true pastor.

During his stay in England he learned, at the Nottingham Convention, to know the power of the Holy Spirit, and true consecration; and at once entered on a fuller and richer experience than he had known before.

In 1908 the Kurds came down in great numbers from the mountain districts. They burned many villages, killing and robbing wherever they went. For several months the city of Urumiah was surrounded by them; all business stopped, and a famine resulted. The large village of Geogtapa was threatened. Gabriel came to the front; he desired all the wealthier of

the people to buy guns, and each could then defend his own house. For himself he built a turret on the roof of his house, in which he fixed two guns, which could each fire ten shots in succession. One of these was pointed to the gate of the Orphanage, which he was resolved to defend. He sent word to the orphan children not to fear, as he would watch over them.

The Kurds, probably hearing that the village was prepared for defence, did not attack it; but Gabriel had an adventure with them. A colleague of his named Shahbaz had married an American lady. One day Gabriel undertook to drive Mrs. Shahbaz to Geogtapa in an open carriage. He always went armed, and on the way they met four Kurds. These men began talking among themselves, saying that Gabriel's horse was far too good for him to possess, so they must take it from him. One man said that he would ride on and attack them, for, being only a man and a woman, he could easily manage them. They little supposed Gabriel was acquainted with their language. He laid his plan, put his gun in readiness, covered it with a rug, and handed his revol-

ver to the lady, telling her to shoot when he did, and then drove slowly on between the walls that hid the vineyards. When they came to a little stream, there sat the Kurd on his horse. He shouted to them to get down, unharness the horse, and give it to him.

Gabriel replied by pointing his gun at him, and saying, "I give you one moment to fly, or this gun will put ten bullets into your head, and the lady will put five into your breast." The Kurd turned and dashed away, but he had gone too near to the village, and several Nestorians pursued and took him. They chained his hands, and brought him back in triumph, desiring to kill him. But Gabriel interfered, and finally set the Kurd at liberty, thus proving that he could be as merciful as he was brave.

Gabriel has been able to succour many of the poor mountain men whose homes have been destroyed. They were accustomed in times of danger to flock down to the plains of Persia. Deacon Abraham used to receive large numbers of them, filling his yard and stables with the poor, ragged, footsore wanderers, some of whom had been of good

position, and wealthy in flocks and herds. So they still find their way to Geogtapa, and Mr. Alexander finds them shelter, and goes round to the various houses, when one will give a sack of corn, others rice, or wood for fires, and so the hapless refugees are provided for.

One of these Kurdish raids, which took place last Summer, is thus described by Mr. Brown, a missionary who lives near the Patriarch at Kochanes:—

"On Saturday, August 1st, Reshid Begh, who, with the co-operation of the Sheikh of Barmarni, had collected a large force of Kurds—some say 10,000—invaded Tyari. More than five hundred homes have been burnt, thousands of people are absolutely destitute, and nothing remains to be seen—not a house, not a bed, not a bowl for water, neither food nor the money to buy it. The Bishop, Mar Yawalaha, had left his village a few weeks before, but Reshid Begh has robbed his house of everything he possessed, stripped his little sisters, and caused several old men of seventy years of age to be beaten cruelly."

Many sufferers from this invasion came to

Gabriel, and were kindly received, clothed and fed, and many thousands crowding into Urumiah caused a famine there.

THE BOY PATRIARCH.

THE BOY PATRIARCH.

THE Nestorians, like the Israelites of old, are governed by their High Priest, or Patriarch, who is always called Mar Shimon; under him is the Matran; then come the Abunas or Bishops, Kashas or Priests, Shamashas or Deacons. These orders are very ancient, and believed by some to have been instituted by the Apostles.

The home of the Patriarch is at Kochanes, a village on a high mountain about 7,000 feet above the sea. It is for safety that he resides in one of the most inaccessible residences a ruler ever inhabited. Dr. Grant describes his journey through the country of the Independent Nestorians, as like "a vast amphitheatre of wild, precipitous mountains, broken with deep, dark-looking defiles and narrow glens, into few of which the eye could penetrate so far as to gain a distinct

view of the cheerful, smiling villages which have long been the secure abodes of the main body of the Nestorian Christians; around whom the arm of Omnipotence had reared the adamantine ramparts whose lofty, snow-capped summits seemed to blend with the skies in the distant horizon. Onward I sped my course down the steep declivity of the mountain, now cautiously climbing over the rocks, now resting my weary limbs under the inviting shade of a wild pear tree; then winding along our narrow zigzag pathway over the mountain spurs. As we approached the village of Duree, we were hailed by several of the mountain Nestorians, who demanded who we were, and what we wanted, and the demand was repeated by each successive party we passed, till finally the cry seemed to issue from the very rocks over our head—'Who are you? Whence do you come? What do you want?' A cry so often repeated in the deep, Syriac gutturals of their stentorian voices was not a little startling; and then their bold bearing, and a certain fierceness of expression, and spirited action and intonation of voice, with the scrutinising inquiry whether we were

Catholics or bad men. The people soon satisfied themselves of my character and friendly intentions and, finding I spoke their language, seemed to regard me as one of their own people, and gathered around me in the most friendly manner."

Dr. Grant found the path was scarcely more than goat tracks; he "could neither ride his mule, nor walk with shoes, and had to wear sandals made with hair-cord to enable the wearer to secure a foothold where he might, without such protection, be hurled down the almost perpendicular mountain sides."

The Patriarch's house is of stone, a large, rambling building, for his guests generally number over a hundred. From all parts Nestorians come to the Patriarch for justice and counsel. They are allowed to remain as long as they please, and no charge is made for hospitality; but it is customary for everyone to bring presents. The Patriarch is maintained by the tithes of his people, and a salary from the Turkish Government.

Neither Patriarch nor Bishops are allowed to marry; they eat no meat, and live as the

Nazarites of Bible times. Around the Episcopal residence are the houses of brothers, cousins, and relatives of the Patriarch, who form his council. The office is hereditary, being confined to the family of Mar Shimon. He ordains the priests, appoints the maliks or rulers of districts, and holds all orders and offices, which he dispenses as he pleases.

The late Patriarch Reuil, nephew of his predecessor, had a stormy beginning of his career. In 1842, when he was but one year old, the fierce Bedr Khan Begh massacred thousands of Nestorians; his mother fled, clasping her child in her arms, but she was captured in Diz, and taken to the Kurdish camp. Through the fidelity of a poor villager she was enabled to escape to Urmi. The boy who had been destined for the future Patriarch was killed by the Kurds as being "chief of the nest of serpents," so the infant Reuil became the hope of the nation. His uncle, Abraham Mar Shimon, consecrated him Bishop when he was twelve years old, to show that it was his desire to be succeeded by this nephew. At twenty-one, he was ordained by the Matran to be Patriarch, his uncle having died. The ter-

rible massacre of the Nestorians in which Reuil was so miraculously preserved is thus described by Layard (extracted from Layard's "Nineveh"):—

"It was near Lizan that occurred one of the most terrible incidents of the massacre; and an active mountaineer offering to lead me to the spot, I followed him up the mountain. We soon saw evidences of the slaughter. At first a solitary skull rolling down with the rubbish; then heaps of blanched bones; further up fragments of rotten garments. As we advanced, these remains became more frequent; skeletons almost entire still hung to dwarf bushes. I was soon compelled to renounce an attempt to count them. As we approached the wall of rock, the declivity became covered with bones, mingled with the long, plaited tresses of the women, shreds of discoloured linen, and well-worn shoes. There were skulls of all ages, from the child unborn to the toothless old man. We could not avoid treading on the bones as we advanced, and rolling them with the loose stones into the valley below. 'This is nothing,' exclaimed my guide, who observed me gazing with wonder on these

miserable heaps; 'they are but the remains of those who were thrown from above, or sought to escape the sword by jumping from the rock. Follow me!' I was compelled to return, after catching a glimpse of an open recess, or platform, covered with human remains. When the fugitives who had escaped from Asbeetha spread the news of the massacre through the village of Lizan, the inhabitants of the villages round collected such part of their property as they could carry, and took refuge on the platform I have just described, and on the rock above; hoping thus to escape the notice of the Kurds, or to be able to defend, against any numbers, a place almost inaccessible. Women and young children, as well as men, concealed themselves in a spot which the mountain goat could scarcely reach. Bedr Khan was not long in discovering their retreat; but being unable to force it, he surrounded the place with his men, and waited until they should be compelled to yield. The weather was hot and sultry, the Christians had brought but small supplies of water and provisions; after three days the first began

to fail them, and they offered to capitulate. The terms proposed by Bedr Khan, and ratified by an oath on the Koran, were the surrender of their arms and property. The Kurds were then admitted to the platform. After they had taken the arms from their prisoners, they commenced an indiscriminate slaughter; until, weary of using their weapons, they hurled the few survivors from the rocks into the Zab below. Out of nearly three thousand souls who are said to have congregated here, only one escaped."

Malik Ismail, the noble leader of the Nestorians, was taken prisoner, and brought to the tent of Bedr Khan, which was pitched under some trees. "Yakoub," writes Layard, "who had been present at the murder of the unfortunate chief of Tyari, thus described the event. After performing prodigies of valour, and heading his people in their defence of the pass which led into the upper districts, Malik Ismail, his thigh broken by a musket ball, was carried by a few followers to a cavern in a secluded ravine, where he might have escaped the search of his enemies, had not a woman, to save her life, betrayed his retreat. He was

dragged down the mountain with savage exultation, and brought to Bedr Khan Begh. Here he fell upon the ground. 'Wherefore does the infidel sit before me?' exclaimed the ferocious chief, who had seen his broken limb, 'and what dog is this that has dared to shed the blood of true believers?' 'O Misi,' replied Malik Ismail, still undaunted, and partly raising himself, 'this arm has taken the life of nearly twenty Kurds; and had God spared me, as many more would have fallen by it.' Bedr Khan rose and walked to the Zab (river), making a sign to his attendants that they should bring the malik to him. By his directions they held the Christian chief over the river and, severing his head from his body with a dagger, cast them into the stream."

Young Reuil, though Patriarch, had little power as long as his father lived, as he was a capable and masterful man and took all authority into his own hands. He was therefore at a disadvantage, especially as his cousins, bold, unscrupulous men, never reverenced him, and frequently defied him. Yet on occasions Mar Shimon could act with quick decision, to the dismay of

Governors, and of his own chieftains. His patience and perseverance, as well as his kindness of heart, where shown on one occasion when he, who could never bear to leave his home, remained for nine months in Julamerk, to secure the release of some Tyari men who had been falsely convicted. He lived in a wretched room amid much discomfort, and persevered in his efforts, though guns were fired at night outside the house, and alarm of thieves made, in order to frighten him away. But at last he obtained new commissioners from the Sultan, and proved the innocence of the prisoners, and obtained their release. Mar Shimon, though always loyal to the Sultan, was an ardent admirer of the English nation, especially as our Government had procured the exile of the atrocious Bedr Khan Begh, and the restoration of many poor captive Syrian children who had been carried away slaves to distant regions. His appearance was striking and dignified; he was about six feet in height, a handsome man, well proportioned, with small hands and feet; in his youth he was active, and was a swift walker, and would take long and difficult journeys

over rocks and snow. But anxieties and troubles wore the good Patriarch out, and at sixty-one he already seemed an old man, and his failing health made it impossible for him to travel for ordinations. His people urged on him to name his successor; for his cousin Nimrod had for years been intriguing to gain the throne for his own house, which from the dangerous character of Nimrod would have been most undesirable. Though in theory the Patriarch's successor is always the eldest son of his brother, yet, as the candidate cannot be ordained unless elected by the nation, a number of youths of Mar Shimon's family are brought up as Nazarites, who never marry nor eat meat, from which one may be selected. The aged Patriarch now made his choice for Beniamin, a handsome boy of scarcely seventeen years. The missionaries had felt his choice unwise; the boy was quiet and gentle, and they thought he seemed rather weak and likely to be easily led. But the old man knew better; he had watched the boy from his childhood, and believed him capable of the high and difficult office. So, taking advantage of the

turbulent Nimrod's absence at Mosul, he declared young Beniamin as his successor designate. The nation assembled in vast numbers in Kochanes, and with great joy elected him; not a dissentient voice, and even several Kurdish chiefs sent greetings. The weather was perfect, the hills were beautiful with crocuses and wild iris, the young wheat was green in the fields, while lambs and kids were frisking on the hills. The whole village and its numerous guests gave themselves up to rejoicing. Great variety of dress was there, and gay colours abounded, as delegates from the different tribes arrived to witness the ceremony. Some in their tall conical hats and turned-up shoes, a fashion which has survived the ages, and may be seen carved on the black obelisk in the British Museum representing the Israelites bringing gifts to Shalmanezer; some in striped silk robes of many colours, like that of Joseph; some armed with sword and shield, others with guns which, in the exuberance of their joy and exitement, were frequently fired off.

The old Patriarch was nervously anxious to complete the consecration of his young

nephew, lest the return of Nimrod should mar the happy occasion. The ancient church at Kochanes is called Mar Shalita; its door, like that of all Nestorian churches, is so low that the worshipper is forced to bow on entering. Two lighted candles on the table showed in the dim light the old man seated in a large wooden chair, wrapped in the sheet worn by the priest when celebrating Holy Communion; a fez on his head. Before him stood two priests with lighted tapers, which shed light on a manuscript from which Mar Shimon read in a low but rapid tone. The boy to be consecrated that day had to be ordained to all the separate offices through which a Patriarch must pass. In an hour and a-half young Beniamin was ordained Reader, Sub-Deacon, Deacon, Priest, Chorepiscopus, Arch-Deacon, Bishop, and Matran, and lastly Patriarch. These nine consecrations were hurried through, and then the Qurbana or Holy Communion was administered. The crowd followed these services with intense interest, but with little reverence, for a murmur of voices was ceaselessly kept up. The old man's monotonous reading

could not be heard, and many were asking what part he had got to; still, on went the rapid reading. Perhaps the only one who felt deeply was the boy, whose beautiful face was full of solemnity, while his aged uncle was only anxious to get the numerous ordinations over. At the first office the Patriarch took his hand; at the diaconate the tonsure was to be made. But such had been the hurry, that when Mar Shimon called impatiently for a knife, none was forthcoming; at last a pair of scissors were sent for from the Patriarch's sister, and Mar Shimon cut locks of the boy's hair in four places, making the sign of the Cross. Finally the boy Patriarch was anointed with the "oil of the horn."

The aged Mar Shimon was exhausted after all was over; he sat for a time in the old monk Rabban Yonan's cell in the court of the church, where tea was brought to refresh him. Rabban Yonan was considered the holiest man in all the nation; he dwelt alone as an anchorite in his cell, and was much consulted for his wisdom. To him, perhaps yearning for sympathy, came his old chief and sat beside his fire,

while all the people flocked back to the patriarchal house. After that he held audiences till the eventful day was over. On the fifth day a stroke of paralysis laid him low, and on the Sunday, just a week after the consecration, he breathed his last, calling upon the name of the Lord. He was said to be the hundred and thirty-seventh Patriarch of the Nestorians.

And now, to the surprise of all, the boy Patriarch took up the reins of government with so firm a hand, and showed himself so capable, that all felt his aged relative had been justified in his choice. Courteous, dignified, resolute, he quietly put down all who ventured to presume on his inexperience, and taking the advice of St. Paul to Timothy, "Let no man despise thy youth," he has continued to maintain his position, and rules with a wisdom that can only be God-given, and with a power that commands the respect of all. The first pastoral from this young Patriarch is remarkable; we can but quote a few sentences from it:—

"To my beloved Sons.

We trust that you are preserved under

the right hand of the Most High, as it pleases His holy will. Amen. Since it pleased God to raise me up to be Patriarch of the East, your shepherd and leader, and from me will be required all the canons of the Church, it is my duty diligently to remind you that the Orthodox Church of the East, and its ancient canons and customs, has not proceeded from human counsels, like the kingdoms of this earth, which are changeable; but her building is on the foundation of the Apostles, while our Lord Jesus Christ is that Foundation Rock of all; and because of that Rock the Church cannot be overcome, and she cannot be changed by any means. . . . If you are our people, our first request of you is, Be in love and peace with one another, and that you quench from among you useless disputations, from which only hatred and envy proceed, and which are injurious to the Church, and to the Patriarch, and more injurious to yourselves. For we must always be vigilant and ready to withstand, even to our death, those who are tearing our Orthodox Church to pieces. For if we die we ought to die like mighty men, and if

we live we ought to live like brave men, so that we be not mocked at by our enemies, as if we were men who can do nothing. . . . And ye, O Priests, as St. Paul said, Be watchful over your flocks, as giving account at the last; and be not indolent as incapable men; but be always preaching and teaching, as is your duty, by means of the Holy Scriptures; that when the Chief Shepherd shall be revealed, ye may receive of Him the crown of glory, that fades not.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

MAR SHIMON,
Patriarch of the East.

January 8, 1906."

MY BABY.

MY BABY.

THE first Nestorian who came to me was a beautiful baby boy of a month old, and he soon became as dear to me as if he had been my own child. He was the son of a Nestorian lady from Persia. His father, Deacon Abraham, had an Orphanage near the town of Urumiah, which is situated in a beautiful country of orchards and vineyards, not far from a vast salt lake ninety miles long, from which the country took its name. Urumiah means, "The light of the water," for in that sunny land the lake shines with a radiance almost dazzling to the eyes.

My baby, little Shmuel, was born at Mildmay, for Deacon Abraham had sent his young wife Esther to England to lecture and to collect money for the Orphanage. And as I had long been interested in the Orphanage, I went to visit Esther in the

Mildmay Hospital. There I saw the loveliest baby I had ever seen, with dark curls covering his little head, asleep on the bed. Esther spoke of her plan to go to the many friends of her husband in different parts of England, who had kindly invited her to come and take drawing-room meetings, as soon as she was well enough to leave the Hospital. But when that time arrived, she wrote to me in great distress, "What shall I do? No one will take me with my baby."

My heart was moved for that poor little one whom no one wished to welcome. I called my two faithful servants and said to them, "Christmas is coming, and there is a little Eastern child who has no home open to it—a little child of the same race as our dear Lord; shall we take it in?" And they said "Yes."

"But," said I, "the mother will have to leave it with us while she goes to lecture. A baby only a few weeks old will be a great trouble in the house—will give you much more work; are you willing to take him in Christ's place, and do for him as you would like to do for Jesus when He was a babe?" And they said eagerly, "We are quite ready,

we will do our best." And Rowe, the cook, said she knew how to care for a baby, and Margaret, my young parlour-maid, would help. So I wrote to Esther to bring her baby to us, and make this house her home. Our preparations were soon made—a little cradle for our baby, and everything we thought to make him comfortable; and in a few days the baby came. His mother had named him Shmuel (Samuel), for she said she asked the Lord to give her a son. For a little while all went well, but Esther was delicate, and the child cried so much I felt something must be done to satisfy it. Esther was a mother—I always supposed mothers had an instinct to know what was right for their children; but Esther did not seem to know. We held anxious consultations; it was evident that Shmuel pined for food, and at last I suggested, with some misgiving thoughts, whether it would not be best to bring him up by hand. Esther was quite willing. We none of us knew much about babies, but Nestlé's milk was so largely advertised, we decided to try it. Baby took to it, began to thrive at once, and we felt very proud of our success. And

now Esther was able to leave her child, to go on her tour to lecture. Then the baby seemed altogether our own. How we loved him, and he loved us, and began to stretch out his little arms, and his sweet face lit up with smiles when we came to him. He was indeed a most lovely child. His rich, dark complexion, with magnificent great black eyes softened by their long lashes, the clustering dark brown curls which in the sunshine had a metallic glow, all made him so beautiful and winsome, nothing done for him could be a trouble. He grew rapidly, and looked finer than any English baby of his age. His little ways as he grew older were a charm to us. Often I watched, and learned many a spiritual lesson from him, and felt my baby was sacramental to me—a true means of grace. Then I understood why our Lord bade us be as little children. Baby was so trustful, so happy, in the certainty of our love and care; was I as sure and as trustful of my Heavenly Father's love? Baby lived in the present, he forgot the past, he cared nothing for the future. It is thus Jesus wants us to live, "forgetting those things which are behind"—the old

sins, mistakes, and sorrows; taking "no thought for the morrow," He would have us grow as the lilies, effortless, and buoyant, and joyous, as little Shmuel.

Baby and I went out together into the park. I was not strong and was drawn in a bath-chair round the pleasant park, and baby lay cuddled warm in my arms. His parentage had always been an interest to me —the noble Nestorian race which had so firmly resisted the influence of their Mohammedan conquerors, and had suffered such martyrdoms at their hands. But now it was my baby's ancestry, and that made it all so real to me. Sometimes I spoke of it to Frank, as he pushed my bath-chair— for Frank was the missionary who worked with me in my district, but who loved to do any little service for me; and he also loved the baby, and would carry him in his strong arms. But of the origin of the Nestorians, so long wrapped in mystery, we must tell in a future chapter.

One day my nephew brought his little boy of three years old to see me; he was a very pretty child with curls of gold, a true Saxon child. Shmuel was in his

perambulator, and little John sprang to him and threw his arms around him; for a moment the children clung together, the golden curls mingling with the raven ones, the fair, rosy cheek pressed against the dark, glowing one. The contrast was exquisite, a perfect type of the East and the West.

Esther had many of the superstitions still held by her race; she firmly believed in the evil eye, and in witchcraft. She had had a superior education in the American Girls' School, knew several languages, had studied algebra, and was well read in English history, and would discuss the characters of our kings with me. Yet the old prejudices of the mountain men were firmly fixed in her mind.

When she left baby in my charge, she begged me to remember all Nestorians keep the law of Moses, and that he must never eat anything forbidden in Leviticus or he would be defiled. She shrieked when I brought her a pet tortoise, and said, "Oh, take it away, if I touch it I should have to wash and wash my hands so many times."

I asked if they still had sacrifices. She answered, "We have thank-offerings; we kill a sheep and give away the flesh to the poor. Of course, we have no sin offerings, for we know Jesus died, and there is no more need of these, but we do not think that thank-offering should be given up."

She began to teach me to speak Syriac (her people are now the only race that use that ancient language, which they aver, probably with some truth, was the primeval language before even Hebrew), showing me that Laban spoke it, while Jacob used Hebrew, which closely resembles it. "And Laban called it Jegar-sahadutha," which is pure Syriac, "but Jacob called it Galeed," both words meaning the heap of witness.

The greatest point of interest is, that this Aramaic Syriac was the language spoken by our Lord; the words, "Talitha cumi," "Ephphatha," "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani," are Syriac words. When the Jews returned from Babylon, they had adopted the Syriac then spoken by their captors, and from that time Hebrew became a dead language. The Gospel of Matthew was written in Syriac.

When Esther left us, baby and I became great friends; he never seemed to miss her, but remembered her when she came on brief visits, was always ready to play with her, but when she tried to feed him, he pushed her hand away and looked to me. Esther did not mind; she would laugh, and say, "Who does this child belong to, you or I?"

When Shmuel began to crawl about, he showed the remarkable intelligence I have since noticed in many Nestorians. I taught him to obey me, not by any punishment, but by giving a little reward whenever he did as he was bidden at once, so he soon grasped the idea that it was pleasant to obey, and he could be perfectly trusted not to do what was forbidden.

When he was nine months old I took him for the day to visit my sister at Wandsworth. When lunch was ready I put Shmuel on the bed, gave him a toy to play with, and said, "Sit still till I come back;" and as there was a large party I said to my sister, "We will leave Shmuel here, while we go down."

She said, "You cannot leave a baby like that alone; he is sure to fall off the bed."

I said, "You will see he will be all right." But she, the mother of a large family, could not be content; twice she ran up to see him, and found he had not moved, was quite happy with his toy, and never thought of disobeying.

In the garden Shmuel was charmed to find some tiny apples fallen on the ground, and gathered them up. I stopped him as he was going to eat one, for they were unripe, and said, "Not in your mouth, darling." And he played with them all the afternoon but never put one to his lips again.

He was not always good; he had a high spirit, and would occasionally have a burst of passion. He was always very eager to have his hat, and go out in his mail cart, as soon as prayers were over. One day I said, "Shmuel must wait." He was very angry and began to cry. I took off his hat and laid him down on the rug. He screamed for nearly an hour, but I took no notice till he stopped, pale and exhausted. I took the poor little fellow up, and told him he could not go out because he cried; he was very grave, with quivering lips, but

did not cry again, though I took him upstairs and put him to bed. He never cried again to go out; the next day he looked at me as we rose from prayers, but he waited quietly for a few minutes, and we did not try him long, seeing he had made up his mind to be good.

I often considered sadly enough how that child would have many troubles and difficulties in that Mohammedan land to which he would have to go. And so I resolved to try to train him for his future life. He would often get into a difficult position in crawling about, especially as he loved to force himself under an easy chair, and then could not get out. I never helped him, but encouraged him to think for himself and try, and in the end he would emerge with a shout of victory. He learned to take care of himself, to come downstairs alone before he could walk; for I ever thought there would be a time when in the ship he would have to look after himself a good deal, his mother being a bad sailor.

When he was a year old I thought he ought to be able to talk, and was disappointed; he was so bright and intelligent

—he understood what we said, but he would not try to speak; he made signs, and pointed to what he wanted, and was perfectly satisfied. I had set my heart on teaching him his first word—it was to be "Abba," that his first utterance should be to God. One day I was at tea, baby in his little chair opposite to me. I held up a piece of cake, and said, "Baby, say Abba, and you shall have this cake." He laughed and shook his curly head; his beautiful eyes twinkled with an arch look, while he held out his hand for the cake. I repeated, "Say Abba, then"; he shook his head till all his curls were tossed. I laid the cake aside; he burst into tears. I let him cry awhile; then in his sobs I saw he was putting his lips together, and trying to say the word, but the violent crying had hindered him, so I gave him the cake. The next day I had to leave home and was absent nearly a month; baby remained in the loving care of Rowe.

When I returned, Margaret met me at the door with Shmuel in her arms, and when he saw me he stretched out his little arms to me with his brightest smile, and

cried out "Abba." No one had said the word to him in my absence; the little fellow had kept it in mind, and said it to please me. And for long after, when he wanted anything, he would creep to my side, and whisper "Abba." How I loved to hear him say it, and thought he will soon learn to say that to God when he is in need. "Abba, Father," there is no sweeter word; Luther says, "It touches God's heart when we call Him Father," and we feel sure that He loves to give the answer, as I did, for that plea could not be resisted.

And soon other words were added. Shmuel learned to call me "Auntie," but he contrived to get a great deal of fun out of it; he would lengthen it as long as he had breath, "Aun—tie," and burst into fits of merry laughter.

In one of her visits Esther told me that an old lady who had promised her husband to leave £1,000 to his Orphanage, had written to her that she had changed her mind; she meant to leave all her fortune to the Salvation Army. It was a great disappointment. A thought came into my mind, so I said to Esther, "I do not like

keeping Shmuel in London during the hot weather; write to Miss T. and ask if she would receive you for a day or two, and if you might bring your baby boy to show her." Miss T. wrote kindly she should be pleased to see the baby. All happened as I expected; Miss T. was so charmed with little Shmuel, she offered to keep him while Esther went to the Keswick Convention, and on her return she told Esther she had decided that the promised legacy should stand. So little Shmuel won £1,000 for his father's Orphanage.

Great was my joy when Esther brought my baby back to me, so grown that he looked more than two years old. He was splendidly made; a hospital nurse who saw him in his bath said, "This child comes of a hardy mountaineer race, he will be a splendid man; look what limbs he has, what vigour he shows." I was proud of him, and when we took him to the seaside, and people stopped to ask who that beautiful foreign child was, and what nationality, it was a delight to me. What happy days those were! Shmuel helped to paddle in the sea, grew rosy and strong in the sea air,

and was so happy playing on the beach with the shingle.

One day baby and I were alone on the moor. For the first time he gathered daisies and little flowers. I can never forget the delight of my London-bred baby, as he crawled about the common.

He had a great love for music, and one day I was playing on my auto-harp, when his little hand laid upon mine stopped me. He took the ring off my hand, fitted it on his own little thumb, and played away with great delight! From that time the harp was his favourite toy, and friends were astonished to see so young a child handle it with such skill. He loved soft, sad music, as all his race seem to do, their melodies being all in the minor key. If I played gay music, he would crawl away from the piano.

Shmuel had a little sister Mariam, two years older than himself, whom Esther brought with her from Persia. This child had been temporarily adopted by some friends, but was to return with her mother when she left England; the children therefore did not know each other till they met before their journey.

Little we thought our little flower was opening not for earth but heaven, as he grew in beauty and sweet obedience. The time passed all too quickly; October came at last, when Esther was to return to Persia. Her husband had written to me asking if I would like to keep the child—that he was willing I should do so; he had four other sons by a former wife. It was a great temptation; my whole heart was wrapped up in little Shmuel. But his future had to be considered. Would it be well to bring him up in England? Would he ever be able to return to his family and kindred? Whenever I prayed over this, it seemed as though the Lord said "No" to me. With aching heart I determined to give him up to his parents. He was one year and ten months—the sweetest and loveliest of babies. Often I thought our Lord when an infant may have been just such a child, with the clustering curls, the pencilled eyebrows, the glorious, dark eyes that could look so full of love, the lips arched as Cupid's bow, the rich, dark complexion and rosy cheeks: Jesus may have been such as Shmuel, when I parted from him.

I made his last little frock myself, dark crimson, for travelling in; the Persian coat his mother had made for him, in which he was photographed, I kept as a remembrance. The day came. I do not know how the little fellow found out he was to go away; but he was so intelligent he discovered it, though no one had told him. I tried to put on his cap and coat; he tore them off, flung his cap away, and turning from me began as fast as he could to crawl upstairs. I dressed him again, but he screamed all the time, though usually he was so pleased to go out. He would not let his mother touch him, pushed her away, and clasped both hands round my neck. I carried him, though he was far too heavy for me; my shoulder felt the sprain for months after. We went to Cannon Street station; Esther met there several friends who came to see her off. It had been arranged she was to meet Rev. W. Shedd and his wife at Dover, and travel with them to Persia. By some strange accident the train waited outside the station, and suddenly we found it had gone.

Poor Esther was in despair. "All my

luggage is gone, it will be stolen," she cried, not realising the difference between England and Persia.

"No; I will telegraph to Dover, and you will find it all safe," said I. But what was to be done? The tidal train was gone. Her friends proposed she should take next train, and cross by the night boat.

But without Mr. and Mrs. Shedd, how could Esther manage alone with two little children? For Mariam had come with her mother from Andover. Esther grew wildly excited. To quiet her and her friends, I said, "It is written, In everything give thanks; let us come into the waiting-room, and thank God that Esther has lost the train." At once there was silence, and then I saw clearly what was to be done. "Esther and the children will come back with me; they shall start to-morrow by same train, and I will cross to Calais with them, put them in the train for Paris, and telegraph for Mr. Shedd to meet them." All agreed, and the little party returned to my home, to the amazement of Margaret, who opened the door.

That night, as I lay on my bed, I asked

the Lord why He had let Esther miss the train. Clear as if a voice spoke to me, came the words, "Esther has not enough money for the journey." I said, "Lord, tell me how much she needs." The answer came, "Twenty pounds."

So fully was I impressed that this was from the Lord, that before breakfast I went to the kind tax-collector who lived near, and asked him to lend me £20. He did so at once, and I took the notes to Esther. We then started again. Baby was happy; he saw I was going with them, and all prospered, and as we neared Dover, Shmuel started up with a cry, "Ah!" and pointed. There lay the sea, which he recognised as an old friend. At the station we found all Esther's boxes, and we went on board. I had asked good, faithful Frank to go with us, as this was my first experience of leaving England; and he looked after all, and brought a pear for each of the children, which they much enjoyed. Esther took Mariam downstairs. I sat on the deck with Shmuel in my arms. It was a lovely day, the sun bright, with a fresh breeze. I saw the colour flash into little Shmuel's cheeks;

he had never looked so beautiful as then, the last time baby and I were alone together. I lifted him above my head in the glory of the sunshine, and solemnly gave him back to God, who had given him to me. The ship reached the pier; Frank took Shmuel in his arms, and carried him to the train. I followed after helping Esther to see her luggage through the Custom House. Hastening back to the train, I determined Shmuel should not be again distressed. I bent over him saying, "Kiss me, Shmuel." He lifted his little face with a smile, and kissed me. Then I stood at the door and played "Peep bo" with him, while Esther settled herself and Mariam, and he was laughing gaily, when suddenly the train went off, and I saw my baby boy no more. All went well. I heard Mr. Shedd had met them, taken them to the hotel, and next day they reached Marseilles, and embarked for Constantinople. And from there I heard the reason why Esther had lost her train. She was detained, as they declared she was a Jewess, and the party were not allowed to continue their journey for a fortnight; but for that extra £20,

there would not have been money enough to reach the Orphanage. So the Lord provided for His dear children.

Mrs. Shedd had kindly promised to write, and she did so from the first stopping-place. Little Shmuel, she said, charmed everyone by his beauty and winning ways; she had asked him "if he would kiss his hand for Auntie, and he did so many times with a very bright face." Alas, the next letter said he had a severe cough. None of the party knew what to do for him; he seemed very ill. Esther too wrote, "I cannot make Shmuel eat any cheese; he will not touch anything but milk." Then came the fortnight's ride from Tiflis to Urumiah; the poor sick baby lay in a pannier alone, his sister in another on the same horse. It was then the Lord revealed to me the text which has been of great comfort many times since—"Before they call I will answer." So, though the letter had taken a month to reach me, He showed me I could pray for the answer to be given beforehand.

When Esther reached her home, the baby was wasted to a shadow; the doctor said it was rapid consumption. One of the boys

of the Orphanage used to carry him out, and Esther's sister joined in nursing him. Deacon Abraham wrote the next letter; it began, "Your dear child, and ours, is in heaven."

"And the Lord came and called as at other times,"
When He gathered His jewels from Eastern climes.
His voice breathed softly, "Shmuel! Shmuel!"
"Is it well with the child? And she said, It is well."

He has heard the call, he is risen and gone,
Like a bird to the nest, that the sun shines on.
The chill, and the pain, and the weariness past,
My dove is safe in the ark at last.

I see his beautiful, radiant eyes
Fill with the light of those glorious skies.
The first sweet word he had learned to say,
"Abba," he sings it all the day.

Abba, Father, did angels bear
From lips unconscious a baby's prayer?
From the King of Heaven the answer fell,
Soft as a whisper, "Shmuel! Shmuel!"

THE BROKEN CROSS.

THE BROKEN CROSS.

He is not dead, the child of our affection,
But gone into that school
Where he no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ Himself doth rule.

I BECAME Treasurer and Secretary of Deacon Abraham's Orphanage, and the work seemed still a link to the sweet little life which had passed away from that home. My first desire was to put a marble cross on my little Shmuel's grave, and I wrote to his father to get it made. They sent me a photograph; it was a beautiful, carved slab, surmounted with a cross, the inscription in Syriac on one side, in English on the other: "Shmuel Mildmay Abraham was born in London, Oct. 30, 1892, died Nov. 26, 1894. 'Then Samuel said, Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.'"

But it was not long left in peace; the beautiful cross was broken by the Moham-

medans in their hatred of the symbol. Deep in my heart sank the awful meaning of that outrage; a vast pity for those poor, dark souls filled my heart. I took to earnest prayer for them, but I could not see my way to reach them otherwise. One night I had a dream, that One stood beside me saying, "Where the colporteur cannot go, the post can go. Send Bibles through the post."

I acted on the suggestion; I procured Bibles in Persian, Turkish, Arabic, and from every foreigner I could I obtained names and addresses, and sent the Bibles, writing inside, "From a friend in London." They assured me no Mohammedan ever would destroy printed paper lest the name of God should be on it. So the broken cross became an inspiration to send the imperishable Gospel to the poor Mohammedans.

We turn to one blessed work the Lord gave to baby and me. My dear sister had an exquisite life-size portrait of little Shmuel done in pastels for me, from his last photograph. This was an endless pleasure to me, as it hung above my writing table, and

his sweet face looked down to me. And presently I longed that his mother should have the same comfort. I heard of a lady artist, said to be clever, who agreed to come to my house and copy the picture. She was a pleasing person, but to my dismay, in the course of conversation during lunch, I found she was an unbeliever.

She came several days; one day I said to her, "You are doing it beautifully, but you have not caught the likeness yet." She altered some points, still it was only a pretty child, but not my Shmuel.

At last I said, "Let us kneel down and ask the Lord to give the likeness." She looked at me in astonishment. "But I told you I was an infidel, I do not believe in prayer."

I said, "That makes no difference to me; you have got to kneel down with me, and I shall pray."

With some reluctance she knelt, and then resumed her painting; the likeness grew under her hand; I watched, saying nothing. But I called up my two maids, and bade them look at the picture; they cried out, "Oh, it is exactly Shmuel; it is just the little

wistful look he often had." It was not like the copy, but it was a wonderful likeness. The girls went away; the artist sat still, her face quivering with emotion. At last she said, "There is a God, I do believe in Him now." The floods of feeling were sweeping over her; I took the brushes out of her hand, and said, "Come and sit down by the fire." Then I told her of the love of Jesus; then again we knelt, this time for her to yield her soul to Christ. A few days after she came again; her very face seemed changed; the haggard look was gone. "I must make a copy of this picture for myself," said she, "for this child has led to my salvation." So little Shmuel won a soul for Jesus. She proposed to paint a background of clouds, with a soft, blue sky, in the centre of which the little face should seem to be looking out of heaven.

One Sunday a knock came at my door, and a Nestorian boy came in. He said he had heard of me, and came to see me. He was in a Salvation Army shelter, and very unhappy there. He said, "I often say to them, I want to learn English, but don't make me learn these wicked words." The

men he was among were of the roughest and lowest class. The boy was evidently of gentle birth; his face had the innocent look of a child. When he lifted up his beautiful, dark eyes, they were like my little Shmuel's eyes, and touched my heart. Yet I did not know what to do with him, and so I let him return to the shelter. But from that time I had no rest—the boy's appealing look, his sweet, sad face, haunted me; but what could be done? I had not even asked his address. At last I began to pray that God would send him here again, and then, of course, he came. Frank, my usual helper, was here, and I left him alone with the lad, as he was very clever in finding out character. He came to me saying, "That boy will be ruined if he is left where he is." And so Tuma came to live with us, and soon became so happy. I used to call him my sunbeam; he had a most infectious laugh, which no one could help joining in; and I loved to see him poring over my English Bible. He told me how he had come over with a companion, and how dreary the London streets were to them; and he thought it so strange, where they

had once stopped to buy fruit, and Tuma thought it the correct thing to pick out the best—fruit in his land being so plentiful and cheap. The man who sold turned on him so angrily, Tuma said, "I trembled and fled."

Another time the two young fellows were surrounded by a number of girls, and Tuma fled again, and his friend said to him afterwards, "What for did you leave me with the daughters?" Tuma drifted into the Salvation Army shelter, and his companion left London. Some words written in Syriac by Tuma best show the feelings of the poor lonely lad at that time. "My heart is full of sorrow; I have no comfort but in my Saviour. While in London I am a stranger, my hope is in Christ. O Lord, look with eyes of mercy upon Tuma, 'miskini' (or upon Tuma, the poor one). O Lord, have mercy on Tuma; O Lord, teach me Thy will."

Tuma had (I afterwards heard) been the best boy in the Archbishop's Assyrian Mission School, and at sixteen had been appointed teacher in a village school. The old kasha (or pastor) was very ignorant; he

never preached a sermon, only mumbled over the liturgy in the old Syriac—a language none of the people understood. Tuma read the Bible to the villagers and preached to them, and wrote all their letters for them. But he longed to come to Europe and learn a trade, so at eighteen he found himself alone in the vast city of London.

He told me he had set his heart upon being a watchmaker, but it was some months before we could find any watchmaker willing to take him, as he was considered too old to be apprenticed. At last we were able to place him with a kind master in Westbourne Grove, and I went to find a lodging where he would be cared for. The first lesson he had was on an old clock. His master took it to pieces, Tuma watching eagerly; he had never seen the inside of a clock before, and exclaimed, "Now I could put it together again." The other apprentice burst out laughing. "It will be six weeks before you can put a clock together," said he. "Let him try," said the master kindly, and Tuma, with that marvellous memory I have observed in many Nestorians, put the clock to-

gether, remembering the place of every wheel, and made it go. In a week he was trusted to clean and send out a customer's clock. "I only wish you could send me such another," said the master to me, when I had gone over to see how my boy was getting on.

Tuma became a favourite in his master's family. One little girl he used to pet became ill, and Tuma told me of her death with great sorrow. "My heart is burning for dear sweet child," said he.

Some years passed, during which Tuma got good places and was seldom out of work; twice I asked for a holiday for him, and took him with me to the Guildford Convention. As the train passed through the lovely county of Surrey, Tuma cried out in delight, "Oh, this is just like our plain of Urumiah, trees and streams."

After a while Tuma's eyes became diseased with trachoma; he had to leave his work, and go into Guy's Hospital. He was there for many months, and found it very irksome, and yet he did blessed work while there. A Jew and he became great friends; as both could talk in Turkish, they

had many discussions, which resulted in the conversion of the Jew to Christianity. Tuma had previously won a young Englishman for Christ. He got better at last, and took a situation at Sydenham.

One day, when he had come to see me, I asked if he went to the Crystal Palace sometimes. He said, No, he did not go; he did not like the way of people who went there. He spoke indignantly, so I asked the cause. "Well," he said, "it is like this: a chap asks you to go for a walk, and you agree to meet at the Palace, and the chap appears with two girls; he hands one over to you, and disappears with the other. Then you have got to take care of that girl all the afternoon, and treat her to tea, and it is very expensive, and I don't like it."

Tuma made up his mind to return to Urumiah and settle near his parents, whom he had for years been assisting out of his wages. So he went, and tried to work his trade in his native land; but he could not make it pay. No one cared to give more than sixpence for the repairing of a watch, and at last he had to return to England. Now he has set up a little shop of his own,

and does excellent work at the lowest possible prices. We will conclude with his original advertisement, which we advise our readers to accept, as we can vouch for its truth. The picture shows two Persians seated cross-legged on the ground. "They said to themselves: We will worry no more; at last we have found the right shop and the right man; best and cheapest in the district." Yokhanan Tuma, Practical Watchmaker, Jeweller and Optician, 157, South Lambeth Road, S.W.

DEACON ABRAHAM.

Deacon Abraham.

DEACON ABRAHAM.

IT happened that one day I was turning out a cupboard seldom used, when I came upon a book strongly but roughly bound in leather. It was a manuscript in Syriac, exquisitely written; no copperplate could compare with it. Being unable to read it, I took it to a Nestorian, who said: "This is one of our ancient books—it has been copied by Kasha Avraham; see, here is his name in the beginning." I took the book reverently; I had heard of Kasha or Priest Avraham, whom Miss Fiske wrote of as the most enlightened of the Nestorians. My mind went back to Dr. Grant's journey to the mountains of Kurdistan over sixty years ago, into Ashitha, the independent territory where no European had ever penetrated before. There, he writes, he "was the guest of Kasha Avraham, an archdeacon, and reputed the most learned of

the Nestorians. For twenty years he had been transcribing their ancient books in his beautiful handwriting; but even he had not an entire Bible. The Patriarch alone is so highly favoured, and his is in half-a-dozen volumes. Of the people, one has the Gospels, another the Epistles, a third the Psalms, and so on. The Book of Revelation, the Epistle of Jude, 2nd and 3rd of St. John, and 2nd of St. Peter, they did not possess, but readily received them from us, on the testimony of other Christian Churches." When Dr. Grant told Kasha Avraham of the wonders of the Press, his keen eye brightened, and he was impatient to see it at work immediately, and to possess a printed copy of the Scriptures; this probably led to his leaving the mountains and settling in Geogtapa, where he became a helper to Miss Fiske in her work among women and girls.

And now in my hand lay one of Kasha Avraham's precious books. How it came to have been laid in that cupboard, or to whom it belonged, we never knew; possibly some Nestorian who had stayed with us had brought it with him, and had forgotten

it. As we could not discover the owner, I decided to send it to Kasha Avraham's youngest descendant, his little granddaughter, Mariam Abraham, as an heirloom, for I found none of his family possessed any of his books. Kasha Avraham's daughter Sarah was educated in Miss Fiske's School, and afterwards became a missionary, gathering crowds of women about her to tell them the story of Jesus. His son, Khan Eshou, was educated in the American College in Urumiah, and began to preach the Gospel at the age of fifteen. His name being somewhat difficult of pronunciation, he is better known in England by his father's name, anglicised to Abraham. But his own name of Khan Eshou has a beautiful meaning, "the grace of Jesus." Miss Fiske, recognising his talents, engaged him as teacher in her School, where he remained for three years. After trying the trade of a merchant for the three next years, he left all to become an evangelist to the wild mountain tribes of Kurdistan. For fourteen years he went from place to place, braving all dangers from the fierce Kurds, and from the

numerous wild beasts; the record of that devoted ministry is on high. The great ignorance of his people, few of whom could read; the spiritual lack even among the priests, who only learned to read, or more often to recite, the Liturgy in ancient Syriac, not now understood by the people; weighed deeply on Deacon Abraham's heart. He returned to Urumiah, and he and three other Nestorians resolved to go to England and try to interest English Christians in the great need of their people. In 1875 they arrived in London; they had many letters of introduction, but not knowing what to do with them, they took someone's advice and posted them, without putting their address. So they waited patiently expecting an answer which never came. They were received into the Asiatic Home, and there they were found by the kind Vicar of the parish, the Rev. S. Charlesworth. He at once took up their cause, and introduced them to Archbishop Tait, who showed them much sympathy and kindness. One of them, Deacon Marcus, died soon after, and the other two returned home, Deacon Abraham remaining to learn the English lan-

guage. Two years after his return to Persia, a terrible famine devastated the land; over 10,000 people died in his neighbourhood. His heart was touched by the poor people lying on the roadside, dying or devoured by wolves, and he filled his house with the sufferers. This led to his opening the Orphanages for boys and girls which have proved such a blessing to his country. These Homes are at the foot of Mount Ararat, where the Ark rested; situated in a village surrounded by vineyards and orchards. Deacon Abraham had four sons, and after his first wife's death married Esther, an orphan girl brought up by the American missionaries. She was from the mountain district of Gawar, and walked the long journey to Urumiah to beg for an education, when scarcely more than a child. Of course, she was received, and treated as a daughter by Mrs. Shedd, until she became Deacon Abraham's wife, and matron of the Homes.

The well-known traveller, Mrs. Bishop, who visited the Orphanage, wrote: "At Geogtapa I saw Deacon Abraham's Orphanage; the work is on the right lines, being

conducted entirely by Syrians. It is most economically managed, and the children are trained in the simple habits of Syrian peasants. The religious instruction is bright and simple. The boys receive a practical training in agriculture on lands belonging to the Orphanage, and in various handicrafts."

The Orphanage was a heavenly home; the children sometimes heard the Deacon pleading all night in prayer for them. There was a beautiful vineyard in which the boys worked. When harvest was over, the vineyard work began; the children gathered the ripe bunches of grapes, and they were spread out to be dried for raisins. This usually took about a fortnight; then they were piled up, and stored for food. A confection was also made from the juice of the grape called halwa, and of this the children were very fond.

The Deacon came to England every few years; on the last occasion, he made his home with me while in London. Then I had experience of the hours he spent in prayer, as he had a room next to mine. He rose from bed about four in the morning,

and prayed aloud, sometimes singing a hymn. As I was always kept awake, I ventured to ask if he could omit the hymns. He seemed a little hurt, and said, "The Lord likes to hear me sing."

I said, "Should you mind having your prayers in the dining-room? for you pray when I want to sleep, and just as I get up, you go to bed again." He burst out laughing, and said, "Of course, I can go downstairs."

But Margaret came to me two days after, and asked, "Can the Deacon say his prayers anywhere else? it sounds perfectly awful just over our heads." So the dear old man had to return to his room, and I moved out of mine.

How careful he was with the money he collected! He sent it at once to the treasurer, asking him to send receipts to the donors. He was scrupulously honest, and though large sums at times passed through his hands, he died a poor man. The difficulties he got into were from his sons, who would come and insist on his borrowing money for them. One especially, Timothy, or Tema as he was called, was a bad man.

He would bring a pistol and threaten to shoot his aged father. Once the Deacon wrote to me, "Tema is like a mad tiger." Alas! he was a drunkard. And yet Tema might have been a noble man, for he had some fine qualities. He had the reputation, even as a boy, of dauntless courage. He would watch till he saw some Mohammedan riding alone, and stand right in his path.

"Get out of my way, dog," the great man would shout. Tema waited, and as the rider came up, he would hit the horse's cheek with so violent a blow that he would swerve, and Tema, springing upon the rider, would drag him to the ground, and beat him. This feat he accomplished several times, to the great admiration of the orphan boys who would be in hiding to look on.

But Tema was cruelly bastinadoed one day. His uncle was met in the road by the tax collectors, who demanded his taxes on the spot. The old man offered to go home to get the money, but they would not wait; and Tema, rushing to the rescue, was captured, and terribly beaten, and at night his uncle's house was pillaged of everything but one bed.

The death of Tema was a blow his father never recovered from, and doubtless hastened his own departure, for he lived only a few weeks after. Tema had enlarged his house by building another story; but did not examine whether the walls, which were only of sun-dried mud bricks, were strong enough to bear the extra weight. One night there was a storm, and the roof fell in, burying the whole family in the ruins. Tema's wife and her baby were dug out, but he and two little children were crushed to death. The Deacon wrote to me, in bitter sorrow, of his dear little grandchildren, whom he had loved very much. And Tema, the son of his sorrow, who had for years been his greatest trial, cut off in his sins, no wonder the father's heart was broken! He could look back on the time when he was so proud of his son, when he thought of his high promise, his fearless nature, his fine, vigorous frame, and then his ruin through drink and self-indulgence. Esther had gone again to England; the old man, spent with grief and physical suffering, succumbed to this last awful shock.

Deacon Abraham was so widely known,

so loved and respected, a vast concourse assembled at Tema's funeral to show their sympathy. There were many speeches made; in their kindness of heart they thought to comfort the bereaved family by saying all they could for Tema, and deploring he should be cut off so early.

This was too much for Deacon Abraham. He rose up, and his indignant voice rang through the startled assembly: "You hypocrites! Do you think to please me by calling Tema a good man? He was a bad man, and I know it." In a depth of passionate feeling, he bade them beware of making light of sin, of thinking a man could lead a wicked life, and die happily at last and go to heaven. "Think of yourselves," concluded the noble old man, true to God, though every fibre of his heart quivered in agony. "Think of yourselves—as for my son, I know he is lost." The effect could never be forgotten. No other word could be said, God's justice had been vindicated, His truth declared, and Tema's awful fate left as a warning to the crowd, lest they also should come into condemnation. Surely none had ever heard such a sermon from

such a preacher, from the open grave of his son!

The old man's work was done. A few weeks after he was laid to his rest, in the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection. The hundreds of orphans he has rescued can indeed rise up and call him blessed. The young men once orphans under his care have united to put a stone over his grave.

Many of these orphans have visited me, all of them bright, intelligent men, honest and willing to work. Several have risen to the highest positions they could attain in Persia—among them are ministers, doctors, mechanics; I found every one of them perfect gentlemen, courteous in manner, able to take their place in any society, simple and good. Many are now in America, Canada, Germany; some have by their talents and industry raised themselves even to wealth, and possess houses and vineyards.

One anecdote I must relate which occurred while I was hon. secretary for Deacon Abraham. I had sent him, for the Orphanage, a cheque for £25. This cheque was

lost in the post; but during the correspondence about it (a letter taking nearly two months to get an answer), the bank sent word the cheque had been presented and paid. Our treasurer at once set to work to trace it, but was baffled, for having traced it to Carl Grose, a Dutch merchant in London, he said he had received it from Van Kol, of Amsterdam; on writing to Van Kol, he wrote he had received it from Carl Grose. There the matter rested; but I could not be satisfied. A few months after I begged the bank manager to make another enquiry, with the same result—Carl Grose had received it from Van Kol, and Van Kol from Carl Grose. It seemed a mystery no one could solve; in my anxiety I prayed the Lord to reveal it to me. One morning when I awoke a voice seemed to speak to me saying, "Go to Carl Grose, go at once, go alone." I felt very nervous, but I did not dare to disobey what I felt was the Divine Voice. I went to the City, and found my way to the office of Carl Grose. He had a very sharp-looking, hard face, and when I began saying I had come to speak of the lost cheque, he shouted in

a harsh tone, "I have had trouble enough about that cheque; I don't want to hear any more." I felt agitated and distressed—perhaps my face showed it, as I answered, "But it is a great trouble to me, being secretary, to have lost subscribers' money." I never saw such a change on anyone's face. The old man rose up, and came to lay his hand on my shoulder; his expression was quite fatherly, as in a low voice he said, "It is all right, you will get it. And now I will show you what no one else has seen." He turned to his bookshelf, took down a large ledger, in which I read that Van Kol had sent him the cheque, that he had returned it to Van Kol. After some weeks a messenger from the Bank of England had brought him the cheque, saying, "Present this cheque for payment." He did so, but locked up the money, knowing he had no right to it. "There have been so many inquiries after that cheque," said he, "I resolved to say nothing till I was sure I had found the right person. Now, you send me a letter from your treasurer, and you shall have the money." In a few days I received the £25; the Lord had shown me

how it was to be obtained, but how it got into the Bank of England still remains a mystery. Had I not gone alone, and been frightened by the Dutchman's manner, doubtless it would never have been recovered.

SHIMON AND LAZAR.

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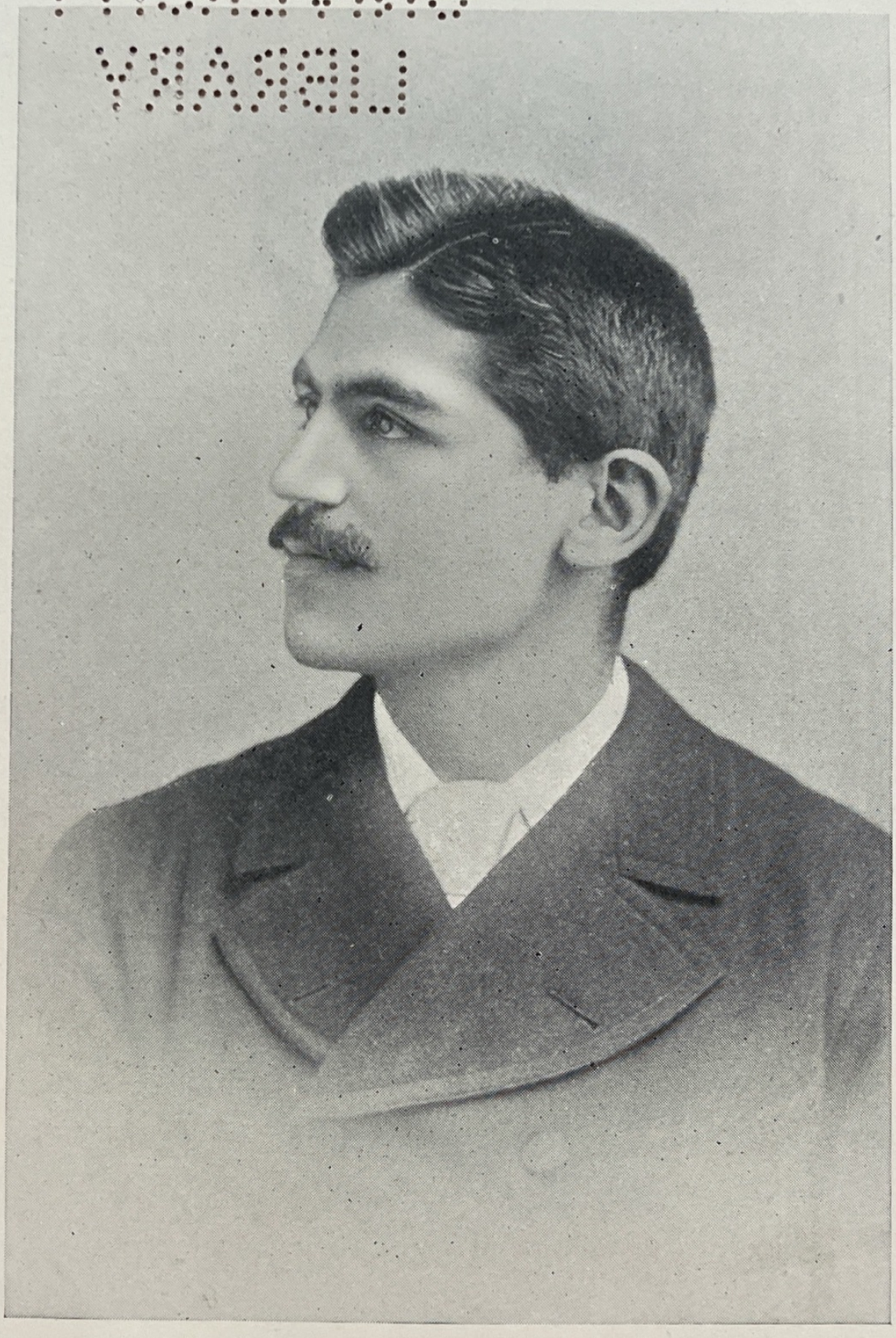

Shimon Ganja.

SHIMON AND LAZAR.

THESE were two of Deacon Abraham's boys, who met first in the Orphanage, and there began a friendship which was closer than a brother's, and which as life went on only seemed to grow stronger. Even the Mohammedans, seeing them always together, would say, "What a beautiful thing is such a friendship!"

Lazar's mother had married again after her husband's death, and the stepfather refusing to have the little boy, he was sent to Deacon Abraham's Orphanage.

Shimon's mother was also a widow with two boys; after making great efforts to support them, poor Nazlie felt she must part with one of them—that the youngest, little Mirza, should go to Deacon Abraham. It was a great wrench to her to part with her child, and when she had desired Shimon to take Mirza to the Orphanage, she set off to

visit a distant village, believing, as Geogtapa was six miles from the city, that the good Deacon would keep Shimon till the next day. The boys set out on their walk, through that beautiful country of orchards and vineyards, well watered by streams; to their left lay the great salt lake of Urmi, stretching for 90 miles, studded with islands covered with trees. Far away to the North lay Mount Ararat with its snow-topped peaks. Geogtapa is a large village or small town built on the ash-heaps of the former inhabitants, the Yezidees or fire worshippers.

The Deacon kindly received his little visitors, and readily agreed to keep Mirza. Shimon preferred to return home that evening, but after going a short way he heard loud cries, and, turning, saw his little brother running after him; he would not stay in that strange place. Shimon decided they should both go home. The walk seemed long, and when they arrived no one was in the house. They were very hungry, the fire out, and the evening was very cold. A bright thought occurred to them—they opened the oven, which was still warm; they could shelter there. The oven was a deep

hole in which hot charcoal was put, and the long thin sheets of bread were put round to be baked. The poor tired children crept into the oven, pulled the lid over, and slept there till morning, when they were found by their mother, who had hastened home on hearing from a neighbour her boys had returned from the Orphanage. Mirza clung to her and utterly refused to leave her, so she told Shimon he must go to the Orphanage. There he remained several years, and met with Lazar, the friendless child, whose stepfather had refused to have him.

They were very happy in the Orphanage. Shimon would tell me how he loved the great buffaloes kept on the farm; twice a day they had to be taken to the stream and bathed, or their skin would crack. Though huge creatures, they were gentle with the orphan children. Shimon would tap the horn of the one in his charge, and it would bend its head down, so that the boy could put his foot on its horn; then it slowly raised its head, the boy clinging on, and put its head far backward so as to lay the child gently on its broad back. There Shimon lay at ease, and sometimes fell asleep.

Once when Deacon Abraham was in England, he was taken to the Zoological Gardens, and among other creatures was shown an enormous Persian buffalo, which the keeper said was so fierce no one but himself could approach it. "I will go," said the Deacon. The keeper tried to persuade him he would perhaps be killed, but the Deacon begged to be admitted. The door was opened, and the Deacon called to the animal some words used in Persia on the farm, and the huge creature ran to him, laid its head on his shoulder, and seemed delighted to hear again the old familiar words. The Deacon fondled the buffalo, and patted its rough sides, speaking kindly to it; his heart was so touched at the way the poor animal followed him to the gate, and looked wistfully after him; he could hardly tear himself away.

When Shimon and Lazar were old enough they were sent to the American College. Each boy was charged a small fee, but small as it was, Shimon had no means of paying; he stood back, watching the other lads go up, with a deep sadness. Dr. Shedd caught sight of the boy, his unusual height

making him remarkable; he beckoned to him, and on hearing of the difficulty, kindly promised to pay the fees himself.

In Persia widows and orphans are despised, and looked upon as under the curse of Heaven. There were several orphans in the College, and Shimon's high spirit could not brook the contempt of his companions; he banded the orphans together, and they continually said, "We orphans are the best." They challenged all the rest to try their strength in wrestling, and soon proved Shimon and Lazar to be the strongest lads in the College. They won at last respect when the American College sent a challenge to the English College, which had a wrestler who had beaten all others hitherto. And Shimon threw him after a tremendous struggle, amid the shouts of all the College boys.

A day came when there was a consultation of the masters, for an invitation had come from a gentleman in England, engaged in engineering works, to take two Nestorian boys as apprentices. Shimon and Lazar were the ones chosen, and they were sent to England.

It was a long journey, and before it ended the boys' money was exhausted, so that they had little to eat on the way; and when they arrived in London they were scarce fit for the trouble that awaited them. The only address they had was to a gentleman's house at Clapton, who had promised to see them sent on to Andover. The lads wandered about London disconsolately, until the evening was drawing in; no one directed them rightly. At last a policeman put them on the right road; the poor, weary lads walked on all that night, and reached Clapton in the early morning at sunrise. The house was shut up, and they stood outside patiently waiting, till a maid came to clean the doorstep. When she saw the two foreigners in the garden, she screamed, and fled into the house, and again there was a long waiting. At last the master of the house came out, and gave them a kind welcome. He saw they were utterly exhausted, gave them breakfast, and took them upstairs into a beautiful room, with a large, comfortable bed in it, such as they had never seen before, in which the poor worn-out lads were soon asleep. The next day

their friend took them to the station and paid their fares to Andover, where their new master met them. The work to which they were put was heavy, and the hours seemed at first long to them, but after a while they grew to like the work. Shimon was taught engineering and blacksmithing, Lazar was a carpenter. There they remained for six years, and became skilled workmen.

It was but natural the English workmen should make fun of the foreign lads, but one of them went a little too far, and Lazar resolved to stop the teasing. None of them had realised the great strength of the Syrian youths, and all were amazed when Lazar caught up the bully in his arms, with a grasp from which he could not escape, and walking across the workshop, put him into the vice, and began screwing it up. The fellow cried for mercy, and after much laughter from the rest was released. The two did not mix much with the men; when work was over, they went for a walk together.

Shimon's first care was to save his wages till he had enough to join with his brother Mirza in buying a little vineyard for their mother's support. But Mirza did not live

to see his brother's return. It was my sad office to break the news of his brother's death to Shimon. Work seemed very hard at first to the two lads; they had been used to study, and Shimon had always wished to be a minister. But the missionaries had decided otherwise, and the offer of going to England seemed too attractive to be refused. The early rising and long hours of laborious toil tried them very much for a time, but they got used to it, and then enjoyed the exercise of their great strength, and loved to speak of the dignity of labour.

It was towards the end of their apprenticeship that they had a holiday to attend a Convention at Salisbury. The cleansing from sin, and the need of a definite consecration to God, was taught, and sank into Shimon's receptive heart. From that time a new life began for him—his desire was, like Enoch, to walk with God, and to serve Him; and his expressive face bore the impress of a holy mind. Lazar would never be apart from Shimon, and embraced the same views, but it never seemed that his experience was so deep, and Shimon ever seemed to grow more spiritual, while Lazar

prided himself on being the sharper of the two.

Now they longed to return home, but their master valued them, and continually put them off, hoping they would settle in England. It was at this time they came to visit me, and when I saw their craving to return to Persia, I advised their giving formal notice to leave Andover. It became a question then what was to be done. The missionaries who had sent them to England had intended to employ them as teachers of their trades on their return, but now had given up the idea. We formed a little Committee, and resolved to start an Industrial Mission in Urumiah; and after a few months' stay in my house to learn electric work, they went home, having won the love of all who knew them. Lazar's account of their journey is very graphic; in a letter to me he wrote:—

"I must let you know how the Lord has been watching over us. We left Vladikawkas at ten o'clock in the evening and got to Tiflis next evening—all that time we were in the mountains. I had never seen so much snow in my life, in some places 100

feet high—it was like walls on each side of the road. We took post carriage with an Armenian, four horses, galloping all the way; every ten miles they were changing the horses. It was the most gallant ride I ever experienced; went 175 miles—stopped only three minutes at each station. Oh dear, I enjoyed it. At one time the devil came to try my faith in my Father. While four horses were galloping with all their might, and we were high in the mountains, and on one side in the deep valley a mighty river flowing, we were some thousands of feet higher than the bottom of the river. All at once a loose horse from somewhere came running and passed in front of our horses. The horses went quite mad, and ran with all their might. We wanted to jump from the carriage, but there was no place; on one side rocks, and on the other that great river. I just remembered and said to myself, 'But the Lord is here, because I have given our journey into His hands; He will save—yes, He will save.' Then we pulled the horses with all our might, and we managed to turn them back, and up again into the road. If the horses

had gone a few yards further we would have been dashed to pieces in that deep valley. We did praise God, I tell you we gave Him such a praise that we have not done it in our lives before—Good Lord!"

The Industrial Mission was carried on for some years, and did good work, but eventually was given up, as it could not be made self-supporting. Work done for Mohammedans was often not paid for. On one occasion Shimon was put into prison, because he had pressed for payment for the Governor's carriage which he had repaired at a cost to himself of £4. As he had to pay for his lodgings while in prison, after two days he decided to give in, and suffer the oppression. Soon after Shimon and Lazar started their Mission, I had the following letter from Lazar:—

"My dearest Mother,

Many thanks for the sweet letters of yours, that are making me full of joy and gladness; clasping my hands in the hands of Jesus—is there anything sweeter than that? I am going to tell you something; I am blushing, but you cannot see my blushing. I am engaged to my beloved

girl; her name is Mirvat. I have loved her before I came to England. Her parents thought that I would not come back, so they gave her to a young man by force, for she did not want him. But six months was not completed when her husband was killed on the way to Tiflis, merchantizing. Now she is without one to take care of her, and she is one that my soul has loved for years. God has kept her for me, and God did punish her parents by losing their son-in-law. I am not happy in that matter, but I say it is God's plan. She is two years younger than I am; she is altogether lovely in character, pure mind, beauty, and education. I wish you could see her; your love could never help itself of not jumping out of you, and entering into her heart. She is very pretty, and wise, and excellent; her love is a wide garden of roses that I can pick. Our hearts were brought by God Himself to love one another; but one sorrow was I was a poor boy and an orphan—that sorrow had begun to eat my heart. My coming to England was a trial for me and for her; all those six years I was praying, and saying, 'Dear

Lord, why did you cast me into that pit?' He said, 'You will come out.' But then, when I heard in England that she was forced to marry, then I did not know myself; even on the bench in the workshop I used to think of her, my tears used to drop one after another. Now, after so long patience, dear Lord has healed my heart. Dear Mother, give my joy to all your family, because it is your joy; please spread it to every friend, and I invite you all to my wedding supper.

Your affectionate son,

LAZAR."

Shimon did not marry for two years after Lazar's wedding; his letter telling of the event was more sober, and quite characteristic of him:—

"To my dear Mother, and also to my special friends in England, my love. The object of this letter is to tell my friends of an event which has caused happiness to me, namely, my wedding. I beg to be forgiven for being so daring in speaking of such an affair so openly to you, but believing I have such friends in England who do care

to know of such an event, adding great deal to my happiness. Also to tell you how a wedding ceremony is managed. The first part is called 'Kissing of the hand.' When I made up my mind to offer to her, then I had to send two women to ask whether her family will be willing for this offer. If so, in the evening some men will come to open the question, and kiss the hand (of the father). In the evening Lazar went with four others, I had to sit still at home; they went and asked the lady and all her friends, they accepted; then they came home to bring me the news, and we all joined with rejoicing and songs together. They came around me, kissing me, pulling me about, blessing me, and wishing God's blessing on us both. All of us spent most of that night in conversation, and laughing and fun.

"The second part is called 'Sherinleh' (sweet time); for this I had to ask well-known men and friends to a dinner. Men of all denominations and the missionaries came as a token of honour and friendship to me. They congratulated me, and blessed me first; then they took a ring from me, with two pieces of gold, with a few sugar-

loaves, and went to the bride's house to offer her the ring. When she accepted they all applauded, and broke the top of a sugar-loaf, and sent it to me as good news. I had to remain at home, all those others had to enjoy the fun without me. When the blessing of the ring was over, they had tea together, and went to their homes. Now I am not to talk to her, or go to her home, until another ceremony has taken place. We are doing these things according to the customs of the country."

With this letter came another from the warm-hearted Lazar, giving an animated description of the same event:—

"My dearest Mother,

Our letters are very few now to each other; why should it be so? We seem to be very cold-hearted to each other. Do write to me, please, so that I can be happy; my happiness it depends upon your sweet letters. Now I want to give you a word of happiness; we want to make a happy and good marriage for dear Brother Shimon. He has found a nice, pretty, and wise, and goodly educated lady; she is very sweet and

modest; she is daughter of a Christian pastor. Her name is Esther; she is a good Christian lady. Last night we went and engaged her to be the bride for my beloved Brother Shimon. I was head man in this matter. I invited five noble men, and first we had tea in Shimon's house, and then we arose, going towards the bride's house; of course, we did not take Shimon with us—we mustn't. As soon as we entered, the father of the bride, and the mother, and all their guests, came out to meet us; we shook hands very heartily and lovingly. After we went in, and had a good Syrian talk, then they started to say, 'Well, we are so happy you gentlemen have come to be our guests. We want to ask you for what reason you have come to us; before we have our supper, let us know.'

"Then we said, 'We want to be friends with you, and we want to put a relationship between us and you.' And they said, 'What kind of relationship?' We said, 'We want to ask Esther, your daughter, for our son Shimon.' Her father said, 'Her mother knows, because the daughter is the skirt of her mother.' The mother said,

'Her uncle knows.' The uncle said, 'Her sister knows,' and so on till all the family had been asked. After a long talk, they said, 'We are all willing, but ask the girl herself.'

"Then we chose a gentleman from our part, and they chose a gentleman from their part, and they went to ask the girl. These two gentlemen came back very happy, and told us that she loves Shimon, she is willing to marry him; then we had a good and hearty clap. After that I arose and took my hat, and throwed it on the ground, and kissed the hand of the bride's father, and her mother, and the hands of all, as it is our good and clean custom.

"Then we wished them Good-bye, and came back, and found poor boy expecting us. I ran to him and took hold of his ear, and the family came to save him from my hand, and so we played a good deal that night, and chaffed, and sang, and laughed, and finished for that night. That was all the kissing of the hand, as we say, and the greatest engagement it will be on next Thursday, and the marriage 25 days from now. Don't you want to be here? I do

want you to be here. My dear Mirvat sends her affectionate love to you.

I am,

Your affectionate son,

LAZAR PERA."

This marriage turned out to be a very happy one. Soon after Shimon wrote:—

"These two days my wedding has finished. Esther is with me at home. I cannot tell you how happy the Lord has made me. She is a thorough converted Christian. We have already begun praying together, and we read the Bible in English together, with those two Bibles you had given me; it is so beautiful and sweet to read and pray together. My wedding has been honoured by the whole people in Urumiah; there were over a hundred well-known and honourable men of the Nestorians. All the American missionaries came, also from the Archbishop's Mission, and even Catholic missionaries came. It was a happy time for all; if you had been present, it would have made you very happy. Believe me, the Lord gave me Esther for a good purpose of making me happy."

Much is often written respecting Christ and the Church which is called "the Bride"; and yet the real beauty and meaning of Scripture is lost by the Western customs being in many instances contrary to those of the East. The Oriental marriage is arranged by the father, not by the son; thus Abraham sent for a wife for Isaac.

According to Western thought, the dowry is given with the bride; she must prepare her bridal robes, the wedding feast is given by her family, she comes to the bridegroom clothed in pure white, symbol of purity. Thus, if we take this as a parable, the soul betrothed to Christ must bring to Him a dowry of good works, something to make her more acceptable to Him. She must come in her own purity, she must prepare the feast for the Bridegroom. But all this is the teaching of the Romish Church.

In the Oriental wedding the bridegroom, or his family representing him, does everything. He sends gifts which show the value he sets upon her; it is as though he purchases the bride. In Scripture we read, "The Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood." In Bible

lands the bride is covered from head to foot with a silken veil of scarlet. We need hardly draw attention to the exquisite beauty of such a type; no purity of her own, but hidden under the Blood. The father gives the marriage supper to his son. Yet, though her part is small, the bride may send out a few invitations: "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come." And even the very clothing of the bride is the gift of the bridegroom; he gives all, he does all, even as Christ for His Church. But in the secret of her home the bride prepares a little gift for the bridegroom, something she has worked herself, and till the day comes it is hidden, but then the bridegroom unfolds the packet, and displays the bride's little gift to all his guests. What have we to give to our Heavenly Bridegroom? Only the love of our poor hearts, all else we receive from Him.

Such a marriage union is well symbolised by the bridal of Shimon and his Esther. They have now five little children growing up in their home; lovely children I have heard. They all bear English names, because Shimon so loves England. But it

is often difficult in that land of oppression for Shimon to earn their living. He is an elder of the church, and a diligent preacher of the Gospel, and has become one of the leading men in Urumiah. We close his story by a quotation from one of his letters:

"What I have been, I am going to be; no man shall call me good, but Jesus shall call me blessed. Keeper of Israel shall not sleep. We are not ashamed of the Cross of Jesus. Henceforth go rejoicing; Jesus can keep His own, also use them, so fear nothing, doubt nothing. Satan has no power over God's elect."

DAVID AND MICHAEL
MARIOSEPH.

DAVID AND MICHAEL MARIOSEPH.

EVERY year Nestorians came to me; often they were a great anxiety and difficulty to me, but I received them for the Lord's sake, and also because I felt, had my baby boy grown up, could I have borne the thought he should be left friendless in a strange city? And these were Shmuel's countrymen. Sometimes, especially when Shimon and Lazar were with me, we would have a party of all the Nestorians in London—boys I had put into Dr. Barnardo's Home, and some who had work, some who were going about lecturing to earn money. They had a merry tea together, and I would hear shouts of laughter, and then all came to the drawing-room, and my two maids Margaret and Lizzie joined, and we had hymns sung, and then a little prayer-meeting before they separated.

On one occasion five had met together—Shimon and Lazar; David, son of Deacon Abraham, and half-brother to my Shmuel, whom I had apprenticed to a photographer; and Ezra and Eshou, the two sons of Kasha Khamis, brother-in-law to Deacon Abraham, therefore cousins of little Shmuel. It was with a yearning feeling that I received as guests those who were his blood relations, yet they seemed so unlike what I think my little one would have grown up to be. That day they were all talking eagerly together, some of them sitting cross-legged on the floor, "to be comfortable"; when one of them, I think David Abraham, pulled out of his pocket a Syriac newspaper, and read to the newcomers of the death of David Marioseph, the son of a Nestorian Bishop, and who had been a class-mate of theirs in the American College.

"But he is not dead," cried Eshou; "he is in a workhouse. I was there myself for a few days, and saw him there."

"In the workhouse!" I cried; "we must take him out at once. Go and fetch him."

Orientals are never in a hurry, and I waited for several days, but they did not

come, and I had prepared a room for David. At last I begged Shimon to help me to write a letter to Eshou to desire him to bring David at once. The letter began in their musical language — "Boyitoon, azitoon, maitoon" ("Will you go to fetch?")

David came, but he had been two years shut up, as he supposed, in prison. He had given way to despair; his mind seemed a wreck; he only stared, and scarce knew his friends. He was left chiefly to me; I took him for Christ's sake, and for baby's sake. His first awakening came when I tried to talk Syriac to him; no doubt my mistakes were very funny, but I was delighted when I got a laugh from him. Slowly he regained his mind, and we all loved David, who was so gentle and affectionate. He had the most pathetic eyes; unlike the dark eyes of his countrymen, his were a greenish hazel, with long, black lashes—beautiful eyes, I thought.

When he seemed quite recovered, I sent him to Dr. Barnardo's Home to learn a trade. He was extremely happy there; it was pretty to see how the boys would cluster

round him and hang upon his arms—he was evidently a favourite. Though really over the age for that Home, Dr. Barnardo had kindly made an exception in his favour if I would pay his board.

David remained in that Home for two happy years; and then came a sad misfortune, from which he never recovered. Shimon had come again to England, one of a deputation to try to rouse England's sympathy for the oppressed Nestorians, and to endeavour to form a colony for them in America or Canada. They could not succeed in this object; his companions went to America, and Shimon remained with me till Spring should make it possible for him to return to Persia. It was the month when we gave our annual tea to the mothers' meeting, and Shimon and Frank arranged a little entertainment for them.

It was the first, and will be the last, occasion, of our having anything of a theatrical nature in the Hall. Frank had in his youth, and before his conversion, been an actor, and he arranged an extremely pretty scene: Three tents, in front of which girls, dressed in Nestorian costume, were

knitting, and making a Persian rug. They were singing softly, while David hammered an accompaniment on a boot he was supposed to be making. Presently the father of the family, who had been on a journey, returned; this was Shimon, looking enormous in his tall, peaked cap, and gay mountain dress. He embraced David, looked at and praised the girls' work, and gave them presents; and then the lights in the Hall were lowered, and all retired into the tents to sleep; meanwhile soft music was played on the piano. Suddenly and stealthily Frank and a young man, dressed as Kurds, appeared; they crept quietly to the tents, to set them on fire. How this was managed I do not know, but there was a sudden flare of fire, which vividly lit up the scene. Shimon and his supposed son fought the Kurds, but were overcome, and one of the little girls carried off screaming. Shimon was very melancholy after it. "It was so real," he said; "so exactly what has happened so often—I can't get over it." The tableau was much applauded, but no blessing rested on it.

Someone infected with influenza must

have come into the Hall, for next day one of the little girls, Shimon, and David were all ill with this dangerous fever. David had returned to Stepney; I nursed Shimon, who was very ill for some days, and made me anxious, as nothing could rouse him from a deep depression. So one day I said, "Shimon, to-morrow we are going to Brighton"; and once there he rapidly recovered in the fresh sea air. He was greatly amused by the waves, which he had never before watched on the beach, and exclaimed, "Oh, what are they doing, working away so busily?"

We had a pleasant week at Brighton, and Shimon was quite restored, but I heard no good news of our poor David; he had been put into the hospital attached to the Home, where I knew he had the kindest care, but the attack was a severe one. The matron wrote he was very ill; a second letter came saying David had gone quite out of his mind—he was so violent that they had sent for the relieving officer, who had taken him away. I hurried to the Home and asked where he was; no one knew. I waited two hours to see the doctor, as all felt sure he

knew. No, he could tell me nothing; "but, of course, it would be to the workhouse." I went to the nearest one, but he was not there. I felt I must find my poor boy, or I should lose all trace of him. Never shall I forget that day wandering from one London workhouse to another.

Almost dead tired, the tears rose to my eyes as the matron of the last one said, "Not here."

The kind woman said, "Sit down and let me think. Now, I should not wonder if he has not been taken to Bromley. Take the train, and I believe you will find him there."

I have thought since that good woman must have prayed to know, for she was right. I dragged my weary steps up the hill from Bromley station, reached the workhouse, and heard the glad news, "Yes, he is in the lunatic ward." Soon I was at the door, and David caught sight of me, and came to me. He was his usual gentle self, and in answer to my enquiries the attendant told me it was not a bad case, but he would have to stay till the doctor allowed him to go out. I pressed a coin into his hand, and

said, "Take care of him; bring him straight to me when he leaves."

I must finish the sad story. My poor David, when he came out, insisted on going back to Dr. Barnardo's Home. The very next day one of the ladies came to me, saying, "Have you got David?" I said, "No." She said, "We thought he was sure to be here; he wandered out and never returned." We gave notice to the police, but four anxious days elapsed, and then I heard he had been taken up, as being of unsound mind, and put into Shoreditch workhouse. Thither I went, and pleaded permission to take him home, but they refused, and he was transferred to the Bexley Lunatic Asylum, where he still is, for the doctor declares him incurable. They entered my name as his guardian, and send for me if he is ill. It is a beautiful place, with every comfort, and I do not think he is unhappy there.

Five years after this sad event, a bright boy of nineteen came to me, saying he was David's half-brother, Michael Marioseph. There was something very attractive in this lad, and as he earnestly begged to see his

brother, I took him to the Asylum. David remembered his little brother, whom he had left as a child, and seemed pleased to see him; but poor Michael wept bitterly when we came away. After some consultation we decided that Michael should go to Dr. Barnardo's Boys' Home at Stepney, to learn English.

A few weeks after, three Nestorians came to my house, late at night. I was from home, so my two good girls pulled the mattress off their own bed, and made them a bed on the floor of our basement. When I returned, I quickly saw two of them were men of a very low stamp; the third was a boy of seventeen years—he looked a gentleman beside the others, and I determined to separate him from them. I took him apart, and asked him if he would like to go to a Home where there was another Nestorian, named Michael Marioseph. The boy's face lit up with delight. "Michael! Oh, he is my friend; I would like to go to Michael." I sent him there; but what was to be done with the other two?

Elia Badya had been one of Deacon Abraham's boys; Shleinon David was from

Gulpashon, the village of Arvishalom Baba, a lad I loved much. I wished to help them, but they were uncouth and dirty; I did not like to keep them in my house. There was a German farm for homeless men near Ware, and knowing the superintendent would sometimes take other foreigners, I sent them there. Two days only they remained—they would not work; and in the early morning they were found sitting on my doorstep, having, they said, walked all night. Again we had to take them in, and then sent them to the Church Army Labour Home, but they would not have them. I said they must go to the Salvation Army—they went; but they were soon found again sitting on the doorstep. Then we resolved to send them to the workhouse, but the relieving officer said he could not give them an order unless I kept them a few days in my house. Very reluctantly we took them again, and then to our disappointment they were refused by the guardians. I felt in despair; I could not turn the poor fellows into the street, unattractive as they were. They also now felt very miserable, so I persuaded them to go again to the German

farm, and plead to be forgiven for running away; perhaps the letter with a sovereign in it helped their cause, for the good superintendent took them, and after a while sent them to Germany.

Meanwhile Beniamin and Michael were very happy together, and used to come to see me on the Saturday holiday. They both had trachoma in the eyes, and for nearly a year were treated in the hospital, without any improvement. They often asked me to send them to another hospital, where they could be treated daily. So I wrote to ask leave to send them to Guy's Hospital. The letter was in some way lost, but the boys came to me, and I took them to the hospital; Sister Ruth, of the eye ward, being a friend of mine. The next day one of the superintendents from Dr. Barnardo's Home came to know where the boys were. When I told him, he said, "We do not want to lose them. They are very valuable boys to us—their influence is so good over all the other boys; they sit and read their Bibles, and set a good example."

When, after some months at Guy's, they left, the chaplain said he was exceedingly

sorry to lose them; since they had been there they had induced every man and boy to attend chapel, and he spoke of their strong influence for good in the ward. Michael obtained a situation as waiter in a boarding-house, where he became a great favourite, and when the head waiter offered to take him to America with him, all the inmates of the house joined in making up a sufficient sum for his journey. Michael still owed money in Persia for his journey to England, and his first step was to take a situation, and pay his debt. And then he was free for the one desire of his life; he went to Davidson College to be trained as a missionary, and has joined the Students' Volunteer Band. He wrote at the beginning of this year to thank me for a small gift towards his expenses:—

"Imi Sogul (Dear Mother),

I have your kind letter. I fail to express myself in writing; money came in a time of great distress, and being sent by one who has been like a mother to me, their value as a gift was doubled. Now I am going to tell you all that has come to pass since I wrote to you last. I was just

about to leave College because of the financial need. But God once more came to my help. As Americans say, I hustled, and found out that I could help in a dining-room in one of the College boarding-houses. Of course, this would pay for my board; but I did not have money to pay my incidental fees. I went to the President, and told him I was obliged to leave College. When he heard that I had been successful to find something to do, with which to pay my board, he told me it would not be necessary for me to leave College. Of course, I believe that God heard my prayer, and that He wants me to perform His work. And it was about two weeks later that I received your letter which puts me in a position to pay all my College dues, and under a greater obligation to you, who have been kind to me ever since you saw me first. Friends here are all very kind to me. In this College there are twenty-eight young men who belong to the Students' Volunteer Band, and some of them are the finest fellows in College.

Brunach macrebanach (Your loving son),

MICHAEL MARIOSEPH."

Beniamin Mooshy is also doing well in Chicago. Probably a useful career awaits these two young men, both so earnestly desiring to be in God's service; they both came friendless and destitute to London, and but for our Nestorian Mission might, like poor David, have been put into the workhouse, for despair and misery to work havoc on the sensitive nervous system, until the brain gave way. David, like Michael, was clever and intelligent, and of a singularly sweet disposition; it is pitiable to think of the wreck of that young life, because in this great city he had not found a friend.

Surely the Nestorian Mission should be sufficiently financed to help the wandering mountain men, who, persecuted, and unable to earn a living in the East, come westward seeking work. The Mohammedans will not employ them; the Russians will not teach them trades; to us they turn with longing eyes. Shall we not let them share the blessings of our free government?

THE SUCCESSFUL EMIGRANT.

THE SUCCESSFUL EMIGRANT.

KHAMIS MICHAEL was born in the mountainous country of Kurdistan, and educated in the American College in Urumiah. When his College course there was ended, he consulted a wise old man, who advised him to go to Europe. He replied that he had no money. The old man said, "Trust God for the means." "I was not a Christian when I was in Persia," said Khamis to me, "but I began to say, 'O Lord, open my eyes that I may see God.' I said this many times a day, and God did open my eyes." Soon after, he met with a friend who also wanted to go to England. This friend was able to borrow sufficient money to pay the passages of both friends.

Their first view of London was a great wonder to them. The ship came up the river to the Tower Bridge, where, to their

amazement, they saw the bridge divide, and the vessel passed through. Khamis never forgot the impression of that scene. They could not then speak English. "We knew only that there was a lady who had mercy on our people," continued Khamis. "I asked some hundreds of people for her address. At last I met Pastor David, who had been in England, and he wrote it on a paper. I showed this paper everywhere, and so we were directed to Bermondsey. When we left the ship at London Bridge pier, I showed the paper to a man standing there, and he guided us to the house. But the lady was from home, and we were turned away. The man was still waiting, so I leaned my head on my hands, and he understood that we wanted a bed, and took us to a lodging-house. Next day we went again to the house in Bermondsey, and again we were turned away. We did not know where to go; so we walked and walked about till we were very tired. Then we saw a railway station, and we said, 'We will get into the train and go away.' We showed our money, and pointed; the man seemed to understand. He took one coin, and gave

us a ticket, and put us in the train. We got out when it stopped, and found we were again at London Bridge. Then I said, 'It is the will of God that we go back to that house, and stay there, whatever happens.'"

So the two poor wanderers came back to Tranton Road, and the man in charge of my house again tried to send them away. "But we were so tired out and sad," said Khamis, "we sat down and wept." The scene was described to me afterwards. They sat on the floor of the passage, and wept as Orientals do, aloud, rocking themselves backwards and forwards. Margaret and Lizzie, my two good servants, brought them food, but they pushed it away, and wept the more. The girls were frightened, and one of them ran to fetch Frank, our mission secretary. He understood the case, and, after some attempts to quiet them, suddenly sat down and rocked himself as they did, and howled in exaggerated imitation of their cries; then sprang to his feet, threw back his head, squared his shoulders, and made signs that they were to behave as men. They ceased their crying, and rose to their feet.

"I shall never forget," said Khamis, "how that good man came and put his arms round me, and kept saying 'All right, all right,' till we could not help understanding what it meant." He then pointed to the food, desiring them by a gesture to eat it. They meekly obeyed, and followed him to his house. He found them a lodging, came for them next day, and cared for them until my return. Then we speedily made up beds for them in our Mission Hall, and they spent much of the day with me, learning to speak English, my limited knowledge of their language being a good help. They soon made me understand that they had "dayina" (debt), and wanted work to pay it.

Now, I knew a nice, bright Nestorian boy, named Arvishalom, who was working in the cement works at Grays, a town on the Thames, and I wrote to ask him if he could get Khamis and Esa work. This lad I had sent to Dr. Barnardo's Home, where he learned tailor work, and a situation had been found for him. And, to my grief, I had heard that he had given it up, and gone to the rough, hard work at Grays. But he

explained to me that he also had "dayina," and, as he had but five shillings a week and food in his situation, he should be years before he could pay up all; so that he had gone where he knew he could earn good wages until the debt was paid, when he would return to the work he loved.

He wrote to say that the foreman consented to take Khamis and Esa, but I did not know until long after that date that it was only on condition that his own wages should be reduced. Dear, noble Arvishalom! I resolved that he should not lose by this generosity, but I allowed him to work out his time at the cement works, and when he left Grays, and the debt was paid, I asked him what he really wished to do. He said that his dream was to save money, so as to go to the Tailors' Academy and learn to be a cutter. So I said, "How long is the course?" He replied, "Six months is the usual time." The expense was heavy, so I said, "Go and see what you can do in three months; there is no need for you to take all the branches—ladies' dresses and liveries will be of no use to you in Persia."

He went to the Academy, and the same year Khamis and Esa went to Canada. They had paid their debts, and entreated me to lend them half the fare from England, so that they might not lose the Spring in Canada. I did so, and before long Khamis sent me £1. It was cemented inside a tract, and I had difficulty in getting it off the paper. I wrote to say that it was best for him to get an order in sending money, but Khamis wrote back saying that he could not waste money in orders, and enclosed another temperance tract, in which gold was again cemented. Esa paid his share of the debt, and they parted—one to go North, and the other South to America.

Meanwhile Arvishalom worked so well at the Academy that, at the end of three months, he went in for the examination, having learned both liveries and ladies' dresses, as well as the usual course. And to our surprise, to everyone's surprise, he came out first-class, though all his competitors had been learning for six months or more. With great delight he brought me a copy of the *Tailor and Cutter's Magazine*, in which there was an excellent portrait of

himself, and a short account of "The Persian Student."

He speedily obtained a good situation, and was doing well; but one day he came to see me, looking wretchedly ill. He had a bad cough, and said that the doctor had told him that his lungs were affected. I was shocked at the news, and told him to give notice at once to leave his place, and come to me to be nursed. He came home, and was very happy in my house. We prayed much for his recovery, and he seemed to be gaining strength. To amuse him I offered to teach him music, and again wondered at the marvellous memory Nestorians seem to possess. I showed him the notes on the piano, and then the treble in the music-book. I had only gone over each once, but, keeping all the notes in his mind, he sat down to the piano, and, with one hand, played one of Sankey's hymns correctly. He had a beautiful voice, and taught Margaret and Lizzie to sing several Syrian hymns.

When Summer came again, he seemed so much better that I sent him to a Convalescent Home at Lancing, but he had

not been there long before the superintendent wrote to say that he must return home, as he did not keep the rules; he had been spoken to about his faults, and again had transgressed. I was dismayed to think that our dear, good Arvishalom, so earnest a Christian, should be in such disgrace. I wrote to him, and he replied in great distress. The rule was that no man was to speak on the beach to the girls from the Women's Home. And he did not know what to do; the girls would talk to him, and he had only answered them civilly. We quite saw the difficulty. Arvishalom was so handsome, so foreign-looking, that of course the girls were curious and interested in him. The kind superintendent, on hearing this, consented to forgive and let him stay.

Alas! the next Winter the fell disease came on again, and he had to give up his new situation, where he was greatly liked. There seemed no chance for him but to return to his native land. With much sorrow we let him go. I sent him to Shimon Ganja in Persia, asking him to care for him as a brother, and we provided him with a sewing-machine and all that he could need

for a tailor's shop. Shimon secured a little room for him over his own workshop, and for a while he rallied, and had more orders than he could execute. But his strength failed. He went home to his native village, and, tenderly nursed by his mother and sister, he passed away in perfect peace. The good cloth dress that he made for me before leaving England I keep, and still wear sometimes, in memory of one whose gentleness and sweetness won all our hearts.

Khamis returned to England after seven years. He came dressed as a gentleman, in a splendid fur coat which had cost £30. With all his old simplicity, he said: "Will you take care of my money for me?" and, to my astonishment, he handed me £168. Evidently he had prospered. In the few quiet days which followed, he told me his history:—

"When we landed, I went and stood in the place where men were hired, but as I could not say I knew farming, no one would take me. At last a man came who said: 'Do you know stooking?' Of course, I had not the least idea what stooking meant;

so I said: 'If you will show me how—if I do not satisfy you, do not pay me anything.' So he took me on those conditions. I tried to be sharp, and it was not difficult to bind the corn. The man gave me full wages that day, and kept me till the end of harvest.

"Then I thought I would go further West; so I took the train, always asking God to guide me. At one place we had to stop an hour or two. At a little distance I saw a house, and something in me said, 'Go to that house.' So I went and knocked at the door. A pretty girl opened it, and asked my business. I said, 'I have no business; I only came.' She said, 'You had better see my father.' She called him —such a dear old man. He took a fancy to me, kept me for a few days, and gave me good advice. He told me if I liked to take up a homestead, he would lend me horses for ploughing, and show me what to do." So Khamis stayed, and began to learn farming.

But he felt if he had a partner to take the adjoining homestead he should do better. So he wrote to me, asking me to find his cousin Zadok, who was in Cam-

bridge, and enclosing money for me to send him out. Being from home at the time, I left the matter to Frank, who wrote to Cambridge, had Zadok brought to London, arranged his journey, and saw him off.

The two friends built a little shack where the farms joined; but soon found they could not make a living with no capital. So Khamis and Zadok took turns. While one farmed, the other hired out, and sent money to keep the farmer. Gradually, as the crops were sold, they began to get on, and Khamis became the proud possessor of a team of horses, in which he had invested all his money. But one day, when he had been absent from his farm, he returned to find that a spark from a passing engine had set fire to the thatched roof of his stable. It was burned to the ground, and his two good horses were burnt also, and the stack of hay that stood near. All he possessed was gone. "Nothing left but a little shack," he said; "I was so sorry for myself. And then I had a stroke of facial paralysis, and had to go to the hospital for a month."

I wondered how the poor lad had borne this total ruin of his goods, and seemingly

of his health, for his face was so drawn he could with difficulty feed himself; so I asked: "What did you feel then?"

He said: "I lay on my bed, and I used to say, 'O God, you can help me.' I wrote to you, and you sent me £10."

I had wholly forgotten the fact. I did recollect writing to say that he should demand compensation from the railway, and this he did, and got about half the worth of what he lost.

The Lord was about to use Khamis; we can see how this severe discipline brought him to depend entirely upon the Holy Spirit's guidance. For he began to enter on a closer communion with God than he had ever known. He said: "I trust God to guide me in everything. I am continually asking Him. Sometimes, when I sit down for a quarter of an hour, I think of nothing, but wait. I listen till a Voice comes and tells me what to do." So, in the wilds of Canada, with no spiritual help, this simple Christian man learned the secret of abiding in Christ, in silence and nothingness, which is the only way to hear the still small Voice of the Holy Ghost.

His health came back to him, though a slight difficulty in speaking remained; meanwhile, the railway company found it necessary to take the line straight across the farm Khamis held, and to build a station there. This also was of the Lord. The company offered him compensation, but said that they should pay nothing for three years, as they thought Khamis might sell his farm, and another man demand compensation also. Khamis was as keen in business as they were. He went to a lawyer, and directed him to insist that 6 per cent. should be paid for each year that they withheld the money. After some trouble, they consented to this.

Then came Khamis's master-stroke of policy, for which he says he was guided. He laid out all his money in making good roads, and advertised his land for building. The scheme took; plots were bought, and soon a town began to spring up.

"I made it easy for them," said Khamis. "I waited for my money, and I showed them how to take up homesteads. The bank lent money at 12 per cent., but I only charged 6 per cent., for I wanted them to

prosper. Generally, they paid me after the first harvest."

"But how could you be sure of your money? They might have sold the homestead and gone away."

Khamis smiled. "I made sure of that. I lodge my claim in the Government office, so that the land cannot be sold till I am paid. Besides, Government does not give a title to the land until a man has held it for three years. Then he is obliged to build a house or shack on it, and plough up ten acres every year."

"And do you still go on with this business?" I asked.

"That is what takes up all my time. I have an office, and people come to me. I buy land cheaply, by what is called pre-emption. Sometimes I build a shack on it, and improve it a little, and sell it. I built a store and restaurant—it cost me £2,000. Yes, I had all the money in hand, and I let it to a man for ten dollars a month, and he is doing well in it."

"I suppose you could have let it for more?" I asked.

"Yes, but I want my town to prosper.

I never ask more than 6 per cent. on what I lay out. I am anxious for the people to do well. When a man comes to me for land, perhaps he has no capital to start with. I lend him horses and plough, and money to live on till the crops come in. I wait for my money till he is able to pay, and thus, you see, many a good man is able to have his homestead instead of hiring out. I have started seventy-five farmers in this way. I do not like to see a man working for hire; it is not good for the country. I am a Canadian subject, and we ought to consider the good of the State. It is bad for a man to earn money and send it out of the country, or save it to go home with. Let him take up land; then, as he prospers, the country is benefited."

I listened, wondering where had this man, from the distant mountains that border Persia, got his far-seeing patriotism for his adopted land, and his large-hearted zeal for the good of the community.

"What do you do in the Winter?" I asked.

"Well, the farmers do nothing; they sit in their shacks and wait. Zadok, he sits

and reads. He is a quiet man. But I go about and talk; that is how I learn things. I had one great difficulty. As the town grew, I made new streets, and gave land to make a park for them. Then people grew jealous of me, and they sent a petition to Government, saying, 'Why should this foreigner, who cannot speak good English, be town-site owner? Turn him out, and give him another homestead somewhere else.' But the Government replied they had no power to take a man's property away from him, and said, 'Why should this poor man, who has done so well, be deprived?' So I was confirmed in my possession, and after a while they all got reconciled to me; they like me now."

"And what is the name of your town?" said I.

"The railway company called it Mortlach," said he. "It is marked in the map of Canada"; and with pardonable pride he showed me the name. "They called one street 'Michael,' after me, and I want a street to have your name," he said.

Another time I asked him about the religious life of Mortlach, and Khamis said:

"I felt the people ought to have a church, so I went to the Wesleyans and arranged with them to send a pastor. I gave the land, and a good part of the money; the settlers subscribed the rest. Now we have a church, and support our own minister."

I felt touched at the thought of this foreigner providing a church for our English settlers, feeling the responsibility of their needs more than they did themselves.

"Do you not find it very dull in the long Winter?" I said.

"No, we skate a good deal. I thought it was dull for the people, so I built a skating-rink, and let it to a man who charges a shilling entrance. I love the skating, but I cannot skate like some of those English; it is beautiful to see them. We want our town known, so we advertise, and offer prizes. Our first annual exhibition was last July. We give prizes for horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry, also for bacon, roots, vegetables, and the best bread and cake. Ladies also may send needle-work and embroidery; and we have a special prize for paintings and drawings by amateurs under sixteen years, to en-

courage the young people." And Khamis gave me their first annual report.

"But who gives the prizes?" I asked.

"Well, we all join; but, of course, I do chiefly. But it pays. Our town gets talked of, and people come to it."

I turned over the pages of the report, being amused to find there was one show Khamis had not mentioned—the "baby show"—ten dollars (£2) being the first prize, children to be under fifteen months, this to take place at Michael's Rink.

"Mr. Peters offers one forty-pound sack of flour as a prize for a loaf of home-made bread made from the flour purchased from Mr. Peters."

"The Mortlach Agricultural Society offers a special prize of five dollars for the following contest, open to ladies only: Assistant to lead the horse into the ring on the halter; lady to harness and hitch, to rig, and drive around a block, unharness, and deliver horse to assistant, with halter only. Time and skill both to count."

Such are some of the entries showing the go-ahead spirit of the town founded and led on by an Asiatic.

Mortlach has its hotel, clean and comfortable—the "Maple Leaf" Hotel—also erected by Khamis Michael.

From the report we read: "The town of Mortlach is situated twenty-five miles West of Moosejaw, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Since the year 1904, when it was practically unknown, except by a few venturesome spirits, who may have had some hazy presentiments of the great possibilities of the soil, its rise and progress has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the most optimistic. It is now the centre of an extensive area of the best wheat-producing land of the province, as is evidenced by the fact that, during the past season, the Government secured from this locality over 12,000 bushels of the best No. 1 wheat for distribution as seed among the less fortunate farmers in other districts. The country is also most admirably adapted to the raising of horses and cattle. The people are industrious and intelligent. The town possesses several large, up-to-date provision stores, and a railway station whose style and attractiveness are well calculated to please

the eye. Within easy distance is an abundant supply of pure and wholesome water; the climate is healthful and bracing, and peculiarly exempt from storms and the early frosts of Autumn, that are so destructive in other parts of the continent. A town surrounded with such ideal conditions, and a community of sober and industrious people, must necessarily rise to a position of eminence in the upward march of progress and prosperity.

K. MICHAEL,
Town-site Owner."

Khamis's best friend is still the good old man who first taught him farming and chose his homestead for him, and his son, who is a preacher of the Gospel. He said to me: "Every year I have asked the Lord if I should go home to fetch my wife and little daughter, and always the word came 'Not yet'; so I waited, till even Zadok was angry with me, and said, 'It grieves me to see you leave them so long.' But, early this year, the Lord said to me, 'Go.' So at once I began to arrange all my business, and was ready when the news came to start off at once."

This news, the cause of Khamis's hurried journey, was that the mountain village where his wife lived with her brother had, with some other villages, been plundered and burned by the Kurds. Khamis was in an agony of mind, fearing the worst fate for his wife and family. When he came to me, he was greatly agitated; could not listen when I told him it was impossible for him to cross the snow mountains so late in the year, or, if he succeeded, he could not bring women over those dangerous passes, where snow lies deep. He knew this, but his only feeling was to hurry on to Persia. The Lord would not have His dear child travel in this desperate feeling. Delays occurred; passports had to be taken. The journey was delayed a week. We had time for prayer and converse; and when the last day came Khamis said to me, with a happy smile, "I am not anxious now. I know my wife is in God's hands, and I have a feeling it is all right. I feel calm and peaceful now."

So we parted—he to the dangerous journey, where, if met by the Kurds, his Western appearance would excite their suspicion, and he might be killed. The

mountaineers wear their hair long and shaggy, and Khamis now has the keen, bright alertness of the successful Canadian instead of the dreamy slowness of an Oriental.

I had a card from Khamis, to say he had reached the city of Urumiah safely, and was resting in the house of Shimon Ganja.

Two months elapsed before we heard from Khamis; I quote from his letter:—

"I am sure God heard your prayers, but I have been in great trouble from 'Araxes until Urmia. When I reached Tabriz, there the Shah's soldiers and the Revolutionists were fighting, and as we entered Tabriz by night, they came asking for money. I gave them four tomans (£1), on condition they would not touch other poor men who were with us in the carriage. Then I went and told the English Consul, and he took the money and sent it back to me here in Urmia. I took soldiers with me from Tabriz till the sea-side. And just when we reached there the fight began between those two parties. It was a great danger that we escaped from; maybe that if we had reached later we

should have been killed by them. After I got to Urmia I hired two rooms from Mr. Shimon Ganja. You remember I told you, when I was in London, that my sister's house was burned in Tyari by the Kurds, who came and burned some villages, and killed some men. She lived with her husband in Zarmi, one of the villages of Tyari, but my family are safe; they live in Sapna. My sister, with her husband, and their little girl, after they had lost everything, came to Urmia, and when I reached here I found them. Now we are living together as a small family for this Winter, and I will send my brother-in-law to bring my family here. And now I am waiting for the Spring to come. I hope, as soon as they are here, I shall take my sister's family and my family to Canada. I believe I will make the Mortlach people surprised when they see a lot of strangers taken there. I want you to pray for us to come back to Canada to our sweet home, as you prayed when I came here.

Sincerely yours,

K. MICHAEL.

January, 1909."

Six months elapsed before Khamis returned to me, bringing his wife, and little daughter Rakhil, a pretty child of ten years old. Their journey was beset with difficulties, and only Khamis's firm trust in the guidance of God brought them through. He could not go himself to the mountains, but as his brother-in-law was willing to go, he charged him to bring his wife and child to him when Winter was past. Instead of this the man, finding no place to stay in for the Winter, persuaded Toni Nisan, Khamis's wife, to attempt the journey in mid-winter. The child was carried by a man; the poor wife, eager to meet her husband, walked the sixteen days' journey, through snows and over dangerous passes, and arrived in a terribly exhausted state. Then a disappointment awaited her; she had felt sure her husband would return to live in the mountains, and when he was resolved to go to Canada, she said she would go with him, but a deep sadness filled her heart—she would never see her mother or friends again, nor the mountain home so loved. Had she known this, she would never have come to Urumiah, for after seven years'

absence Khamis seemed like a stranger to her.

When they set out on their journey, Tabriz was being besieged by the Shah's troops; the usual roads were unsafe. The only way was to go over the mountains to Van. They went to Kochanes, the home of the young Patriarch, by whom they were most kindly received, and stayed with him for three days. "The Patriarch kissed me many times when we parted," said Khamis, and said, "Ana makroubi-viu alloh" ("I love you; what shall I do to make you stay with me?") He bade Khamis write to him, and sent two young men with him he wished Khamis to take to Canada. They had long talks over the condition of the country, and the young Mar Shimon regretted the departure of all the most intelligent of his people to foreign lands. Poor Toni Nisan looked longingly towards her home, only two days' journey off; but they had to descend the mountains on the other side. They could take no luggage, only food, and had to wear felt shoes to avoid slipping in the dangerous passes.

When they arrived at Van, where they

expected to get passports, the Consul was gone on a two months' holiday; Khamis had to leave the two young men whom the Patriarch had sent, but he took his wife and child to the frontier. There he was told he could go on, but his family could not leave Turkey without a passport. Then came to Khamis one of his wonderful intimations—he felt he was to go to Edrei. Why he could not tell, for there was no Consul there, and no Bank; and he was in great difficulties, for owing to the disturbances in Persia he could not cash his cheques, and had not sufficient money to reach England. He left his family and went a day's journey to Edrei; there to his great joy he met one of the American missionaries, who had been his teacher when in College. This good man received him most affectionately, and offered him money for his journey, taking the risk of being able to change the cheque; but he said, "It is impossible to pass the Russian Government without passports. I will pray for you, but I do not know what you can do."

Khamis said, "I was feeling very sad, and a man shows in his face when he is dis-

heartened." A stranger came to him and said, "What is the matter?" Khamis told him, and he said, "I am an Armenian, I am a Christian, I read the Bible; I want to do something good, maybe God will bless me in my family. I have done nothing for the Lord for a long time, now I have to do something. I will show you how to manage." The Lord seemed to tell Khamis he was to trust this man, so he and the Armenian took two horses and returned to the frontier town. At midnight, guided by the Armenian, Khamis and his family stole out of the town; leading their horses they walked all night, and when daylight dawned mounted and rode across country, and reached Tiflis without being stopped. Little Rakhil was with her mother on one horse.

The Consul in Tiflis gave a passport for Toni and her child, and they started on the five days' railway journey across Russia. But on arriving at Alexandrowa, the officials stopped them, and told Khamis he could go on as his passport from Canada was correct, but they would not allow his wife and child to go. For, they said, how could he prove she was his wife? Where was the

marriage contract? Such a thing was never heard of in Kurdistan; there was no other way than to return to Warsaw and see the English Consul there. He said the Tiflis passport was useless, as the Russians could not read the Persian language, and he wrote the names of Toni Nisan and Rakhil on the passport of Khamis in Russian and English. Still they were detained; the Mayor of Warsaw informed them that all travellers were to register their names in some hotel, and stay there for twenty-four hours—such was their rule. This done, no further hindrances occurred, and the little party reached London in safety. But poor Toni was bewildered with the new life, new scenes, and being unable to understand a word of English; a settled sadness filled her dark eyes. "She is like Lot's wife, always looking back," said Khamis.

After ten days' rest in my house, Khamis and his family sailed for Canada; but here another trial awaited them. The wife and child for a third time were detained; they had trachoma, and were forbidden to enter Canada. As the doctor said it would be six months or more before they could be

cured, Khamis resolved to send them back to me; he seemed wild with sorrow and disappointment, and wrote he was ill with fever, and could not get well till he knew his family were safe in my care. So the poor wanderers came back to me, uninvited, but not unwelcome for the sake of Him who was homeless for our sakes.

THE FOUNDER OF A COLONY.

THE FOUNDER OF A COLONY.

IT was a sad day in the little village of Sangar. Women were weeping, and children clinging to the three men, who, with bundles on their backs, were leaving on a long journey; for in that far-off land of Persia no life was safe while travelling. Too truly has an Eastern prophet said, "Weep ye not for the dead; neither bemoan him: but weep sore for him that goeth away: for he shall return no more, nor see his native country."

The three men were going for trading purposes to Russia; they had one passport between them, and, after being a short time in Russia, one of them returned home. The others went to another town; upon entering the gates, they were taken prisoners, the officer claiming that in the passport three men were mentioned, and they were but two. No explanations were

listened to, no trial allowed. All trouble was ended for the officials by sending the two men to Siberia. They were never heard of again; perhaps they died during the long tramp to that distant country, marching in the long line of heavily-chained prisoners; perhaps they perished in the depths of snow, those children of a sunny clime, or slowly sank with broken hearts. God knows. This is not a solitary instance of Russian oppression; the father of Arvishalom, whose history is given in a former story, was also banished to Siberia, owing to some mistake in his passport.

To return to Sangar, which is two hours' walk from Urumiah city. The sad news of the exile came at length. The wife of one of the two men had a family of five young children. She was an easy prey for oppression, and the lord of the village came, saying that her husband owed him money. The poor widow knew the notes he produced were forged, but she had no redress, for the word of a Christian could not be taken against a Mohammedan; so the land she owned was seized, and part of the vineyard.

Little Isaac was then six years old; he

was taken by Deacon Abraham into his Orphanage. There he passed some very happy years, the good Deacon being as a father to him. When he was about thirteen years of age, a buffalo out of the herd of cattle he was watching ran among some heaps of cut wheat where farmers were threshing. The lord of the village was there, and called the boy to come to him. Isaac hesitated, but the lord spoke in a friendly tone, and offered to give him a very beautiful cane. The boy approached timidly, when suddenly he was rudely seized by some servants, who held him down, while at the lord's command others gave him the cruel bastinado, the beating with sticks on the soles of the feet, a punishment so barbarous that the poor child was unable to walk for two months. Thus Isaac began early to suffer from Mohammedan hatred.

Soon after this a boy named Benjamin awakened in him the desire to find God, telling him that if he wished to know more he should enter the Mission School of the American missionaries. This he did, and often used to kneel down, saying, "O Lord, if Thou art God, make Thyself mani-

fest to me," but still it seemed to him almost impossible to trust in an invisible God. Thus his soul, though partially awakened, was not brought to God.

Isaac attended the College until the Winter of 1887, when he was sent to teach in one of the village schools. He found this delightful work, and would visit the parents of the scholars, and read the Bible to them. He could not give any explanation, but simply read from ten to fifteen chapters. Still, it is written, "The entrance of Thy word giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple," and the village people who could not read greatly valued his ministrations.

In the Spring of 1889 the missionaries sent Isaac to teach school at Ardishai, where he had forty pupils, whom he was to teach in four languages—Persian, Turkish, Chaldean, and Syriac. It was during this time that, one day, in reading the Bible, he was arrested by the words: "Now the Lord had said unto Abraham, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee." He determined to follow

Abraham's example, and though his friends the missionaries tried to dissuade him, he left Urumiah with only a small sum amounting to about £1 in his pocket, and not knowing whither he went. He reached Tiflis on foot, and there was helped by some Christian residents, and was urged to go to Berlin. When he reached the boundary of Russia he bought a ticket to Berlin, and then was informed that he could not leave Russia, as his passport was defective. He was imprisoned for three days without food, and was then informed he would be sent to Siberia.

Concluding that the Lord wanted him there, he answered he was ready and willing to go. The officers stared at him, thinking he was a lunatic; but he said if God desired him to go to that dismal land, he was willing —for God was in Siberia as well as in Berlin; that his father had been sent there years ago, and he hoped to meet him there. When the officers saw that he cared so little, they changed their minds, and helped him on to Berlin. He could speak no German, but said that God directed him to find a young man who could speak five lan-

guages, and he took him to his room, and became his friend.

Soon after, a German gentleman advised him to go to America, and gave him sufficient money for his journey. After eighteen days the steamer arrived at New York City. The passengers were required to show their money, as the law was that every person must have at least £5, should he wish to enter the country, or he would be obliged to return by the steamer. When Isaac's turn came, with a sinking heart he was going to show his two shillings and fourpence, when a boy came up and handed the officer a letter. He turned to peruse the letter, so Isaac quickly slipped through the gate, and was soon lost in the crowd.

We must pass in silence over the five years Isaac was in America. He supported himself by working as a tailor and by lectures, and thus he gained sufficient money to continue his studies, and also to bring three of his brothers—Abraham, David, and Jacob—from Persia to America, and place them in various institutions. This done, he resolved to return to Persia and there preach the Gospel to those he loved

who were yet in darkness. But one sorrow awaited him—when he reached Urumiah, he found that his mother had died during his absence. Happily he had the comfort of knowing that her last words were, "All my hopes are in Jesus."

After a few days' rest at home, Isaac set out on a tour through the villages, everywhere finding there was great need for the blessed Gospel. In some places he established schools, in which he placed youths who had been educated by the English or American missionaries. The expenses of these schools were about £12 a year.

It was in May, 1895, that he visited Mar Shimon, the Patriarch of the Nestorians, in his mountain home at Kochanes, to obtain leave for evangelistic work among the mountain tribes. After visiting several towns, he arrived at Dizza, about six o'clock one evening. Here he was stopped by the Turkish police, and ordered to give an account of himself. He showed them his passport as an American subject, but they were not satisfied. They believed that he was an American spy, and telegraphed to the Governor. The next morning a reply

came authorising them to detain the traveller until advice was obtained from Constantinople.

Without any trial he was thrust into an underground dungeon; seated on the ground, his chained feet were lifted some feet off the ground, his chained hands were bound behind him, so that he could neither stand nor lie down with ease. In addition to this, a heavy iron collar was put round his neck, and fastened with chains to opposite sides of the room, so that he could not move his head. In this position the poor young fellow was left in total darkness, to suffer day by day the agonies of cramp. No food was brought to him, but a companion, who travelled with him, bribed the gaoler to let him go in and feed the poor prisoner. Meanwhile efforts were made for his release, which, owing to his having become an American citizen, were successful. The American and English Consuls telegraphed to Constantinople, and he was at last set free, a total wreck from the physical and mental torture that he had undergone.

Two soldiers were appointed to guard him until he left the country, lest he should

obtain any information to be used against Turkey. Now he was able to witness the cruel habits of the Turkish officers. Wherever they went, they demanded hospitality; on one occasion they dragged a poor woman and her infant out of bed, threw them on the ground, and shut the doors, taking the bed for themselves. At another place they called for food. It was brought by a venerable-looking old man with a long white beard. It was not to their liking, so they seized the old man by his beard, dashing his head repeatedly on the ground, and did this until his skull was broken. The cries of that old man rang in Isaac Adams' ears for many a day. Another time, when halting for rest, he saw a sweet little girl who was playing in the sand. One of the soldiers took his gun, and for mere pastime shot her dead. Who can wonder that such sights roused a feeling in Isaac's soul against the Turks and their rule, that never will die out?

He returned to America to recover from the effects of his imprisonment, and then took a medical course, gaining his M.D. During this time he wrote a book called

"Persia, by a Persian," which was published, and had an extraordinary success, realising £4,000. Isaac found himself a rich man. He went to Persia, furnished a house luxuriously, and for a brief time felt he had attained the desire of the Oriental—he was a great man. But the longing to help his people saved him from falling into a selfish life. His first thought was to open a hospital, but before long he saw there was no safety for life and honour for the Christian under Turkish rule; and he resolved to carry out the plan others had tried, and failed to achieve. He would found a colony in Canada where, under British rule, his people could be free and happy.

He came over to England to arrange this scheme and consult with friends. While there a crushing bereavement fell upon him; God needed an instrument consecrated to Himself. I can never forget the day when Isaac knelt on the floor of my little room, and gave himself up to God. Probably that was the time of his real conversion, and from the depths of his heart, as he said afterwards, "I gave myself a sacrifice for my nation."

He devoted the £210, which the American Government had obtained for him as a compensation for his unjust imprisonment, to the colony. He went over to Canada, where he found a suitable place for it at North Battleford, and then hastened back to Urumiah, sold his house and furniture, and took with him a band of forty-five emigrants, whom he settled on homesteads, where they have done well, being both hard-working and thrifty.

The reports of the Government Commissioner of Emigration say: "The colony of Nestorians have been continuously successful; they have rendered their homesteads very valuable assets to themselves, and a credit to the country which affords them this free land."

Another gentleman who lives in the neighbourhood writes: "They are a noble example to all emigrants who come out here. They are to-day the most prosperous of our various settlements in this district."

In 1906 Dr. Adams, hearing of further persecutions from the Kurds, determined to go to Persia and bring a second party of colonists. He raised funds by an appeal in

England, and soon collected a band of young men willing to go to Canada. With these were several women and children, the families of the former settlers, fifty-five souls in all, and among them Dr. Adams' young bride of only fifteen years of age. The journey was one of great difficulty, increased by several of the party having an eye disease called trachoma; these were detained to be treated in a hospital, otherwise they would not be permitted to land. Isaac spent all his own money, and his funds being exhausted, he was forced with a heavy heart to sign a mortgage on his farm in order to borrow money to complete the journey.

At last, after six months, the party reached Battleford; but now the emigrants had to be maintained. Dr. Adams had to provide them with homes—the cheapest huts of stone and mud were put up; ploughs also, and horses, to cultivate the ground, had to be bought, and warm clothing to meet the rigours of a Canadian Winter. For all this he had to borrow from the Bank at high interest; he was thus beset with difficulties, but hoped when harvest was

over to meet the most pressing of his charges. But a late frost so injured the crops there was but little profit; he could not pay the interest on his mortgage, and to his dismay the mortgagees foreclosed before the next harvest, and demanded the surrender of his farm. Utter ruin now stared him in the face, for by losing his homestead there was no possibility of paying the debt to the Bank, and the poor hard-working Nestorians were also in danger of being sold up, they having signed papers to enable their leader to borrow money.

Poor Isaac hastened over to England to see if help could be obtained, and in great distress came to his old friend. We received him, and remonstrated with the mortgagees, but they had the law on their side, and determined to foreclose. Two months passed in fruitless negotiations, till Isaac was in despair; the money could not be raised. But the Lord often waits till we have worked out all our own ideas and plans, and are ready to leave Him a free hand to work His own will; and so it proved.

One night I was sleepless from the dis-

tress over Isaac's trouble, and after vainly trying to turn my thoughts, I lighted my lamp and asked the Lord to give me some word to quiet my feverish anxiety. My Bible fell open at 1 Cor. i. I read through the chapter not seeing any comfort in it, till I came to the verse, "But of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." And in the midnight silence the words came to me as though straight from the Holy Spirit Himself: "Does it say what the redemption is from?" In an instant light flashed into my mind, and I cried, "Lord, I take Thee as the redemption of the homestead." A wonderful peace fell on me—I felt that the Redeemer had smiled; and then I slept. At breakfast I told Isaac his farm was safe, and he believed; we knelt at family prayers and unitedly claimed the promise. Before twelve hours had passed, the homestead was free.

When we had come to the end of our resources, and looked only in helpless faith to Jesus, He put the matter right at once. A gentleman who had taken much kind

interest in Isaac's difficulties was that very morning inspired with the thought that he should go to the mortgagees, and representing the great hardships Dr. Adams had already suffered, offer a compromise. He knew nothing of our prayer, and the Lord must have worked a change in the lenders' hearts, for they agreed to give up the mortgage if £100 were paid down. This generous friend at once gave £50, and a lady staying with me, on hearing of the offer, guaranteed the remainder, and before night fell, we were all rejoicing with deep thankfulness.

In two days Isaac was off to Canada, almost beside himself with joy, and when he landed he wrote, "I am on my way to Redemption Farm," for thus he resolved to name his homestead.

One thing is specially needed for the colony, a little church where service in their own language could be performed. Dr. Adams has been ordained pastor by the Patriarch, so could officiate himself, though it might be advisable to have another minister, as his time is already occupied as farmer and doctor. Small churches are built in

Canada for the settlers in many places and cost only £50. The Nestorian Committee greatly desire to build such a church in North Battleford if funds are forthcoming.

Another object which would be of great benefit would be to have a training farm, where Syrian young men could be taught farming, and at the same time learn to speak English. This after the first outlay would probably be self-supporting.

THREATS AND DECEPTIONS.

THREATS AND DECEPTIONS.

I HAVE been asked, "Are you not often taken in by these clever Orientals?"

Not often, because those I received are usually young men fresh from College, and well trained. Still, some have turned out ill, though they are but few. One of these, Nestorius, lived on his wits; I had never liked him well enough to take him into my house, though I had given him occasional help. A young barrister called one day to ask his character, and said his family were in great distress; an aunt of his, a rich lady who was weak in mind, had been fascinated by Nestorius and had promised to marry him. He had told her of the fabulous beauty of Persia, how he would keep her in the magnificence of an Eastern princess, that he himself was a great man there; flowers, fountains, marble palaces, and all the vivid imagery of the "Arabian

nights" tales, excited the weak brain. I had to tell him that Nestorius was a beggar; and I heard afterwards the gentleman had persuaded the unfortunate lady to break off her engagement.

Nestorius instantly sued her for breach of contract. There was a trial in which all the foolish letters were read, to the great annoyance of the family, weak-minded professions of attachment from a love-sick elderly woman. The magistrate, disgusted with the trick played on the poor lady, gave the lowest sum he could in justice allot, by which Nestorius got £50 instead of the thousands he had expected to win; and thereby lost all his chances in England, by being made notorious.

There is one village in Kurdistan where from childhood the inhabitants are taught to beg, and to live by their lively imaginations. This place is called Jelu. I heard tales of their cleverness in making money. Some were in the habit of hiring a carriage with four horses, and making a Summer tour in Russia. Dressed in rich garments, they drove to some nobleman's house, and asked to see the lady. They announced that they

were going to Jerusalem, and asked if the lady would like to send presents and have prayers offered at the shrines in the Holy City. Usually they were invited for the night, when, by making themselves very agreeable, they often contrived that the visit was prolonged for a few weeks, during which they fared sumptuously; then they drove on to another mansion. In this way they had a delightful Summer holiday, and returned to Jelu with their ill-gotten gains. It was no great difficulty to them to go again next Summer and describe their adventures in Jerusalem, and contrive to secure the next year's income.

The first Nestorian man I received was of this character. Esther and her baby were then with me, and she, having gone to Spurgeon's Tabernacle, brought back with her this man Nathan, and a lad who was travelling with him, saying she had found they were starving, and besought my pity for them. They remained some weeks in my house trying in vain to get employment. Eshou was a pleasant lad, and eventually turned out one of my most successful protegés. Nathan was deeply

marked with small-pox; his face was very unattractive. I could never take to him, and we were glad at last to send them both to America.

But Nathan returned in about a month; he did not mean to work, and came expecting to live on me again. I was very much displeased with the waste of money on his journey, and refused to take him in again. He went away with an evil look on his face, and soon Esther told me, in great excitement, he was spreading wicked reports against her. He was then in Edinburgh, and I, in my indignation, did not realise it was unwise to make an enemy of a bad man, and wrote if he continued these scandals, I would set the police upon him. He wrote back insolently he would do as he pleased. Two days after the police called at his lodgings, and Nathan wrote in a fury that I had ruined his character; from that time he sought to revenge himself.

He returned to London after having persuaded the Edinburgh friends to give him money and a medical outfit for Persia. Whether he went there or not, I cannot say, but we heard of him in London, and

soon found he tried to get hold of any Nestorian I was interested in, and to poison his mind. I had to warn several young men to have nothing to do with him, and yet Frank would tell me he had seen Nathan walking with one and another, and I soon saw by the change in them what his influence was. After a while he got employed by the Persian Consul, and I heard no more of him for some time.

A big, uncouth, rough lad came to me who could not speak a word of English, but having here a Nestorian who could interpret, we sent him to Dr. Barnardo's Home after hearing his story. He had arrived in London with £10 in his pocket, and had been directed to the Persian Consul, who was an Englishman and had undertaken the office. David Sergis had handed his £10 to the Consul to take care of for him, and he had put him into the charge of a Nestorian who was there. This man, David said, had spent all his money in a month, as he drew it from the Consul, and both lived on it. When the money ended, this man, whose name the boy did not know, turned David into the street. I guessed this was Nathan,

and wrote to the Consul, to ask if he had taken the poor boy's money. The secretary unfortunately showed my letter to Nathan, who demanded to have it, that he might summon me for libel. The Consul refused, so Nathan came to my house; I would not let him in, but as Frank had just come upon some business, I went to speak to him at the door. Nathan flew into a terrible passion when he saw me, and used such language that Frank stepped forward, and told him he would throw him down the steps if he did not go. He was a strong, powerful man, so Nathan feared him, and went down the steps, but turned and swore he would murder the Consul for refusing him the letter, and then he would murder me. Frank thought him dangerous, and that I had better let the Consul know of this threat.

The next day a detective came to take my evidence, for the Consul had sent to Scotland Yard. But some time passed before Nathan was taken; meantime the Consul wrote to me to be careful—as for himself, he said, "I never go out of my office without expecting a murderous blow." I did not feel afraid, but one day I seemed

to hear the guiding Voice which has so often directed me, "Go to Bexhill, and leave word your address is to be given to no one." I went, but a letter was forwarded to me from a stranger asking permission to see me, as he could give me important information about a young man I was interested in. I felt I was not to reply, but long after I showed the letter to a Nestorian, who said, "That is a very wicked man, the friend of Nathan," so I felt the Lord had delivered me from a danger.

The detectives discovered Nathan at last, and took him up. "He gave himself hopelessly away," said the officer; "there is no need for anyone but me to bear witness, for he said at once, 'Yes, I meant to kill them both; when my Eastern blood is up, I do not care what I do.'" The policeman told him his Eastern blood would have to cool in prison. Accordingly he was sentenced for six months, and then to be expelled from England, never to return.

I felt sympathy for that wild nature shut up in prison, and as I knew we could never meet again I wished him to know he was forgiven; so I took a friend with me, and

went to the prison. It was a gloomy place, with its great gates, and we were sent from place to place, till after long waiting at each, I stood opposite a window covered with two sheets of fine wire gauze, about a foot apart. Through this I could only dimly discern the form of Nathan. He assured me he had greatly benefited by the prison; it had been a blessing to him—he was now a changed man. I did not feel his words had the right ring about them, and understood them when his release came, and Nathan wrote to ask money to start as a doctor in Germany. The Consul, more generous than me, sent him £5, and the last I heard of him was that he had married a German lady, although he had a wife living in Persia.

Some have asked, "Are Nestorians honest?" As a rule I have found they are anxious to pay their debts. The following amusing letter is from one to whom I had lent ten shillings:—

"Urmia, Persia,
August, 1907.

Dear Madam,

Should I write you, for I am unquiet

since I left London. I suppose you remember the time that I was in London, I wrote you about some money that I was need on; while I had assured you that your money will be refunded as soon as I get money from home. You forwarded me ten shillings, now I wish to refund you. If I do it not, I am afraid it will be a great spot and blame on my biology, or history of my life. I don't want to defile and make dirty my family reputation, and sincerity, and purity too. I don't want to rank among the humbugs and impostors, robbers and thieves too; to be accounted as one of them. I don't blame and reprehend you, for you have met with a lot of people begging and using wrong ways, and craftful means, deluding people by untrue ways, by the holy Name of our only beloved Saviour, for the sake of money. Your ten shillings is as an acrid poison in my brain and conscience. I have been considering by what means I be rid and free from them. I ask you kindly, refer me how could I be free from them, if it is possible to send them you, by the mail, or if you have friends here I refund them to them. I will oblige you extremely.

It seems is a bad yeast in my property. I don't wish to have such unclean yeast in my clean and pure family. I feel annoyed every moment that I remember them; God knows that I have considered often to refund them.

If you ask Church Army they will tell you that I have cleared their last cent too; I have paid all, and more than I owed them, thanks to the Almighty, that I have nothing to blame me by whole course of my life in London. I don't praise myself, but I praise my God that made me free from dirty, squalor, filthy, mean, low, and disgusted tricks; those people that have used such wrong ways for getting funds by these ways, unhonest and falsehood—they have been thought by honest people very low, have lost their fame, and honour too.

Persia is disturbed in high degree. We must trust Omnipresence and Omnipotence. He will protect us from evil, if we trust the God He will look on us at the evil days. Merciful Almighty is perpetually near to put siege around His own people. I am sure He will use His providentiality to protect us. I hope you will not forget me;

I do not forget you in my morning and evening offerings. If you reply to my note, I will write you about my last days in London, only I want to know if you will have my note or not, especially about ten shillings.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. ORAHAM, M.D."

The ten shillings I bade him give to Shimon, for relief of the poor refugees, and so put the good doctor's conscience at rest.

David Sergis, the boy defrauded by Nathan, became a sailor, the only Nestorian I have known who wished to go to sea. He bore a high character, and in his last visit he told me of the conversion of a Mohammedan sailor through his reading the Bible to him. I asked, "Do you ever try to influence the English sailors?" Very modestly he said, "I do try; the mate told me I ought to be a preacher." After some years at sea, David gave it up, and went to join his brother as a settler in Canada.

There is temptation to Orientals to live on their wits; they have so much imagination. A pathetic story told in broken English is

so touching, that what perhaps was begun in truth soon drifts into falsehood, as they find a good story will open purses.

"If you are really so poor, why is it you wear a frock coat and tall hat?" I once asked.

The man's eyes twinkled. He looked on me as a friend, for though begging, he was not an impostor; and replied, "If you wear a good coat and look like a gentleman, people will give you a sovereign. If you have a shabby coat, they give you a shilling."

SUNDRY GUESTS.

SUNDRY GUESTS.

MANY other Nestorians came to me, some of whom were a great difficulty, from their ignorance of our language, and my very limited acquaintance with theirs. When totally unable to understand, I would send for Frank, and he, a born actor, by gestures and signs, soon contrived to find out their needs and personal history. Such an one was Sergis, of Geogtapa; he could not speak a word of English, and how he found his way to me was a mystery. Frank and he conversed in Nature's language of signs, and he soon told me the man was a builder, and understood brick-laying; that he had left his wife and three children—one an infant, the others of three and five years old; and was now seeking work. With this information we decided to send him to America. Frank took him to Southampton, put him on board ship, and left him in charge of the steward.

Joseph Alkas was a lame man; he could speak English fairly well, but it was hard to know what was to be done with him. He had been in America, and had not been successful. After much correspondence, a confectioner at Bristol, being a friend of Deacon Abraham's, was willing to take him. But he proved lazy and untrustworthy, and was eventually turned off. He drifted at last into the workhouse, where he remained two years, but the master wrote begging me to remove him, as he was a bad influence in the place. In great perplexity I wrote to Melchizedek Khan, the great contractor at Tiflis, and asked him if Joseph's family could be traced. A few weeks after, I had a letter from one of Joseph's brothers, saying they had believed him dead, until they heard from Melchizedek, and they sent money for his return; gladly we arranged his journey, and trusted he would do better in his own country, and with his family.

Another of my wanderers was Agassie, an intelligent-looking boy, but as he could not speak English, I sent him to Dr. Barnardo's Home. His father had been a

cabinet-maker, so after a stay in the Home, the superintendent found him a place at fifteen shillings a week. He came soon after to see me, and said he wanted higher wages and should advertise. "Oh, Agassie," I said, "you have good wages for a boy of sixteen." "But I am sure I could do better than that," said he brightly. He came again in triumph to show me that he had had five answers to his advertisement, and had engaged himself at twenty-five shillings a week. He had written the advertisement himself; it was so innocent I supposed people were impressed with its evident truth. It ran thus: "I am a boy that understands the beginning of cabinet-making." It may be imagined that Agassie got on rapidly after this; he is now in America, and earning a fortune.

Shahbaz was an older man. He had come to London hoping to go to America, but having trachoma was not allowed to sail; so he came to me to know what he was to do. After a few days here, we decided he should return to Persia, as he believed the missionaries would engage him in their

schools—for Shahbaz was a learned man. He said the Persian Ambassador must pay his journey; of course, this Mohammedan noble scorned a Christian, and refused Shahbaz. However, he was not daunted; he went every day to see the Ambassador, and stand in his presence. At last it seemed, as Scripture saith, by his "continual coming" he wearied him. And when I told Shahbaz to say I would pay one pound towards the fare, the Ambassador said, "Go and fetch it, and I will send you away to-night." Back came Shahbaz in triumph; I gave the pound, and he started that night, his perseverance being successful. But to his disappointment the missionaries would not employ him. He could not earn his living in Persia, and before the end of the year Shahbaz again presented himself at my door. I could not refuse him hospitality, and we then resolved that every effort should be made to cure the trachoma and set him free for America. For months Shahbaz was in Guy's Hospital, patiently enduring the pain of the daily burning of the eyelids with blue stone. When he was discharged, the eyes still

showed signs of disease; but we determined to trust the Lord and take the ticket to New York. How earnestly we prayed that he might be allowed to land! for we knew how great the risk was of his being returned. But in a fortnight came the glad news our prayers were heard, Shahbaz had passed the doctor, and brighter days were dawning for him.

Alexan was a fine-looking young man. He had been educated in the College of the Assyrian Mission, and taken the highest certificate they had ever given. He was with me some time before I could find him employment. As I was unwilling to keep him longer, he went to work under the Church Army; then for a time he was in the Salvation Army shelter; sometimes in the workhouse. It seemed almost impossible for a foreigner to find work in London, and my heart ached to see him sinking lower and lower. I sent for him, and paid a lodging for him at Rowton House. Being desirous of seeing this house, I went to see Alexan there, who gladly took me over the place, and showed

me the fine reading rooms, and the open-air parlour on the roof. But the superintendent came very angrily, and told me roughly no ladies were admitted there. I apologised, but Alexan followed the man, and, with a mysterious manner put on, said in a low voice, "If you knew who that lady is, you would be very sorry to have spoken rudely to her." The man was alarmed; he thought me at least a princess in disguise, and came to humbly beg my pardon, and assure me Lord Rowton would be proud to show me the house himself. Alexan was very merry over this, and assured me he had only spoken words of truth.

At last an advertisement procured him a place. A lady doctor wanted a servant to open the door, and to do footman's work. Alexan was delighted, for he had long wished to be a doctor, and thought this was a stepping-stone to his ambition. He wrote very happily, that he was devouring all the medical books in the library, his duties were light, and he managed to take plenty of time to study. There was but one other servant, he said; a nice girl named Mary, with whom he had his meals. This letter

made me very uneasy, but I cast in my mind how I could give the lady doctor a hint that this arrangement was not wise, without causing Alexan to lose his place. An opportunity occurred, which I seized, to write to her, and in a postscript I said, "I have some beautiful Persian cats here; they are very gentle and affectionate, but I do not put them into the cage with my doves." The quick-witted lady saw what I meant, and without making any allusion, wrote a pleasant note, ending with, "I think you may like to know I have given Alexan a little room on the basement, where he can sit, and have his meals."

Alexan did not keep this place very long. The lady said his whole mind was absorbed in medical study, he was good for nothing else. She sympathised with his desire to learn, and had given him leave to read her books, but now everything was neglected—the silver left to get tarnished, the bell unheard because Alexan was always reading. Remonstrance was unavailing, so Alexan was again thrown out. He made some efforts to get work, but was always soon discharged; I felt much discouraged. At this

time Deacon Abraham came to stay with me, and as I had to leave home for a fortnight, I invited Alexan to keep company with the Deacon, and gave him some small offices to perform, among which was to wash up the cups and saucers after breakfast. I was dismayed on my return to find there was not a cup left; instead of washing them, Alexan had thought best to smash them up, as less trouble; the set had just lasted out till I came home. The Deacon was most kind to Alexan, but he troubled me by telling me strange stories of the Deacon, which I could not believe. The kind old man told me he feared Alexan's mind was giving way, and said, "I will take him home to Persia with me; he may get well there."

But Alexan was very angry, and declared the Deacon was a wicked man, and he would not go with him, nor would he return to Persia. Very sadly I gave him his choice, to go with Deacon Abraham or leave the house; he chose the latter and went away. But he often appeared at dinner-time, and I had not the heart to refuse him a meal; he lived by pawning all his clothes

and possessions, and gradually grew more and more miserable. It became very evident his mind was gone. I begged him to go into the workhouse as a preliminary for the asylum. But he refused. I had then to refuse him any food, and had the distress of seeing him sink lower and lower, till he looked haggard, unshaven, and half-starved. At last he submitted and went into the workhouse; from there I asked for him to be put into the same asylum as poor David Marioseph.

I went to see them occasionally, but poor Alexan clung to me so, and implored me to take him home with me, that I had to get one of the keepers to unloose his hold each time, and felt at last I only did him harm to go. The doctor told me neither of my patients would recover. It was sad. I urged them to pray and read the Bible; both refused; it was clear Satan gets a power over the insane. Eight years did poor Alexan remain in that asylum; from time to time his mother wrote begging me to send her son home, but I had no power to do so. At last she sent her brother Joseph to fetch him. He came to me and

told me how he had worked to earn money to take Alexan home.

My heart was touched for that poor faithful mother, who could never rest till she had her afflicted son in her care again. And yet I had thought her burdened enough, for Alexan's father was also a lunatic, and though not dangerous, could not take care of himself, and was a ceaseless trial to his devoted wife. Still, when her only son had inherited the same malady, this loving woman insisted on having him at home again. I had put her off with assurances of the comfortable home Alexan had, the kindness shown him in the asylum, and that I would always care for him. No, she would have her two afflicted ones, and tend them both herself. Such tender mother-love must surely have its reward.

Joseph could speak no English, and brought with him a Russian he had found in East London to be his interpreter. At first his petition was refused; the Commissioners who have the insane under their charge will not give them up unless certified by the medical superintendent. Poor Joseph in his distress came to me; he could not

believe I had no power to get Alexan for him. But at his entreaties I agreed to try; he said he "could not go back to see his sister's tears."

I wrote a pleading letter to the Commissioners, to represent the mother's desire. It was no easy matter. We had much correspondence, and they sent a gentleman to confer with me, and a paper to sign undertaking that Alexan should be properly cared for, and then I was told that Alexan would be given up if I would myself fetch him. I indignantly said, "You cannot suppose any lady could go and take charge of a madman from the asylum! You must send a keeper with him." Finally they agreed, and a keeper put him and his uncle on board a steamer for Odessa, and I heard they reached his parents' home in safety. Alexan seemed to be much better, and had borne the long journey well. Probably the joy of being free had a good effect upon his mind, and our prayers were granted.

In Persia there are no asylums for the insane, and unless they have relations to care for them, their lot is sad indeed. They wander about and beg their bread, ragged

and dirty, and are made a mockery of by the boys. Often the Mohammedans will drive them away with a whip. But perhaps they suffer most from their would-be friends and well-wishers, who want to cure them. It is generally believed that insanity is the possession of an evil spirit, and that he may be driven out if made thoroughly uncomfortable in his dwelling. One way of accomplishing this is to take the poor man to one of the churches which are considered specially efficacious. That of Mar Sergis is the one resorted to in Urumiah. These churches have very small windows and are nearly dark. Here, as in a prison, the poor lunatic is left alone for several days; a heavy chain round his neck prevents his escape. There are no seats; he can sit or lie only on the stone floor. In this gloomy solitude the spirit feels so wretched, he leaves the victim of his oppression, and the man is restored to his right mind. I was gravely told this is generally the case, especially if prayer is made; one would perhaps think that prayer made under happier circumstances would have the same result.

Another and more terrible way of tormenting the spirit, is to dig a grave. There the unfortunate lunatic is buried, two or three feet of earth heaped over him, only his face is left free. The grave is then covered over with stones, a hole being left to admit air. If the poor sufferer does not die, he calls out that he is all right now, and then with triumph he is released.

THE DEMON OF THE MOUNTAINS.

THE DEMON OF THE MOUNTAINS.

TIARI is a district of the mountains not far from Baz, and the tribes of these villages have always been allied, and in opposition to those of Tekoma and Jelu. In Tiari the beautiful river of Zab rushes down in a torrent stream from the lofty mountains, and makes the valley through which it flows luxuriant and rich in pastures and orchards. The Tiari people belong to the Ashiret, the independent Nestorians; they are a fine, hardy, athletic race, and are so attached to their mountain home, their grand scenery, their dark overhanging rocks and snow-topped peaks, and the pretty, peaceful homes clustering in the valleys, that they will never leave it; happy and satisfied, and content with their lot.

Their only trouble comes from the Kurds. These are a totally different race from the Nestorians; they are fierce-looking, and

have harsh, repulsive faces. They are supposed to be representatives of the original inhabitants, some say, of the ancient Cardusians, from whom Xenophon and the ten thousand suffered so many losses on their way from the plains of Mesopotamia to Trebizond. They are Moslems, but only in name, for they are very ignorant. Van Lemp, in his book on Asia Minor, says: "The Kurds are remarkable for their dark complexions and long features. The nose is aquiline, the cheek-bones prominent, the eyes deep set, black and expressive, but unsteady. Their frames are tall but bony, thin, wiry, and capable of enduring great fatigue and exposure. They excel as marksmen, but are especially noted as the best riders in the country. Indeed, the women and boys appear to ride as well as the men. Their horses are in many respects like themselves; they are small indeed, but bony, wiry, apparently all used up, but capable of doing the hardest work. Their sides are all cut and often bleeding with the heavy and sharp iron stirrups of their riders. A Kurd on horseback seems a kind of centaur. He moves his horse about

as though he were part of himself, makes him run, whirl, suddenly stop or leap, and lies down upon him, leans over to catch an object from the ground, or raises himself in his stirrups as though he could not lose his balance, or be detached from the animal. They are the very men for highway robbers, and even their friendship is not to be trusted." Such are the hereditary enemies of the Nestorians.

In Tiari lived a young man named Sawro, tall, slender, swift, of great courage, and of immense physical strength. He and his younger brother lived together; they were deeply attached to each other, and when they each married, they still remained inseparable. Sawro's young wife Anazik was the jewel of Sawro's home, and when a baby boy was added, no home in all the mountains was happier than his. He and his brother owned a large flock of sheep and goats, and every Summer the two families went to Zozan, or to feed their flocks on the high mountain pastures. They would go to where the snow melted, for there was the freshest, greenest grass.

One Summer, when the baby was three

years old, they all went as usual to their Zozan. They lived in a large cave, where each night they folded their flocks for fear of wild beasts of prey. It was delightful on those mountain heights, where the air was so fresh and pure, and the sun shone in all its power. They loved to bask in its heat, as all Orientals do; they seemed to drink in fresh health and strength, to be invigorated by the intense heat which prostrates Europeans. They were enjoying this pleasant season to the utmost. Anazik would sit and sing over her knitting, while the little boy chased the young lambs, as wild and gay as they were.

One evening they were attacked by a large band of Kurds. The flocks were in the cave, where the two women were laid to rest, with the sleeping child in his mother's arms. Sawro sprang to his feet; and he and his brother prepared to defend themselves. Two men against an army! but they were resolute and fearless; moreover, were strongly entrenched within their cave, whose narrow entrance would only admit one man at a time. On each side stood the brave brothers, and fired shot

after shot at the Kurds, many of whom fell. The enemy fired continually, but none of their bullets reached the two defenders. Their cartridges becoming exhausted, they drew their knives, and when the Kurds, believing the victory won, came running to the door, they were met by thrusts of daggers from each side. Sawro's steel flashed three times to his brother's once, so great was his vigour and activity. He was fighting desperately for his wife and little son. The slain fell down at his feet. The Kurds, enraged at the loss of so many men, determined to make a sudden rush. Sawro was wounded in his right arm, and, unable to strike another blow, was captured; his young brother was struck down before his eyes, and expired without a groan. The cave was dark. In haste the Kurds kindled a fire—its lurid light lit up the poor frightened sheep and goats huddled together; and alas, showed two poor women crouched down trying to hide themselves, with a little child between them. Was there no mercy in these savage hearts for the innocent and fair young lives? To Sawro's agony, he heard the fatal stroke, heard his

baby boy's last shriek as the fierce Kurd dashed out his brains, the last cry of his young murdered wife, and then the brutal enemy turned upon him, to amuse themselves with torturing him.

It is the custom of the Kurds to cut off the ears of their victims, that they may show them to their comrades as tokens of their triumph. So the first thing they did to Sawro was to cut off his ears; not a sound escaped his lips, but he thought impatiently, "Oh, that they had a sharp knife to get this over quickly, instead of this clumsy sawing." Then came the sharp stab of a dagger; Sawro set his teeth and bore the anguish in silence. The whole band of Kurds marched past him, and each one struck him with his knife—a hundred ghastly wounds. His clothes were saturated with blood; still none were in a mortal place, and Sawro lay without a quiver, while they wreaked their vengeance on him. They thought him dead, while every sense was keenly active, and strained to the uttermost. He heard them drive away the flocks, and the tramp of many men; then silence reigned; he and the dead were left

alone. He struggled up, dragged himself to where his murdered family lay pale and lifeless. The dying embers showed his sweet wife's face, calm in the last long sleep; her sister lay fallen across her. His boy, his pride and joy, lay there, his curls soaked in blood, his face turned down upon the hard rock. At a little distance there lay his brave young brother. All—all gone, his family swept away in one hour; all that had made life precious to him. Humanity seemed in that dreadful moment to die in Sawro; from that time one thought alone possessed him, vengeance for the ruthless deed that had bereaved him.

From time to time a tall figure, with a sack over his shoulders, whose wild, glaring eyes gleamed like a tiger's under their cavernous lids, would be seen striding across the hills or crouching behind rocks, his gun levelled—watching, always watching, with an undying hatred in his heart. And one by one Kurds were found lying dead—often untouched, showing robbery was not the object; but every one had their ears cut off. Like a demon of the mountains, Sawro was seldom seen; he would pass from one place

to another with the utmost celerity. Seldom could a Kurd venture out alone; he was almost certain to be killed. Mothers would hush their crying children with saying, "Sawro is coming." All feared that awful figure, who could never be captured, and whose dreadful vengeance went on unchecked. The Kurds appealed at last to the Nestorian Maliks, and begged them to put a stop to these murders.

The Maliks managed to obtain an interview with Sawro, and remonstrated with him, but he replied, "Till my ears grow up again, I go on killing," and he turned and strode away.

A caravan of Nestorians was on its way to Mosul; among them was a Kurd who had begged leave to travel with them. He was a quiet and peaceable man, with a large family, so they consented. Their way led them through the Tiari country. Suddenly they were confronted with the dreaded Sawro. His restless eyes wandered over the party, and instantly marked the Kurd, and claimed him. The caravan might have saved him, but they reflected they were in Sawro's own country; every one of his tribe

would rush in, were any opposition made—it was not worth endangering the whole party for the sake of a Kurd. Sawro seized him in his powerful grasp, and dragged him to a tree, to which he bound him. Then he sat down and smoked his pipe, keeping his eyes on the wretched man. Slowly he raised his gun and fired, but it did not go off; he fired a second time, again it failed; a third time, with the same result. Sawro stepped to the man, cut the rope with his dagger, and said, "Go! If God does not kill you, I do not," and the man fled with white face to the caravan, saying, "God has saved me because of my large family."

Sawro still wanders on the mountains, pursuing his dreadful life. When my friend spoke to him, he had thirty-two pairs of ears in his sack; and still the Kurds fall murdered by an unseen hand, and the fear of his vengeance is in every heart.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

THE Nestorians have been tolerated in Persia, though every man must pay a tax "for his head," or the Mohammedan law would condemn them to death. Yet at times great cruelty has been exercised. A few years ago, a large number of refugees came down from the mountains. It was the usual story: their homes had been destroyed by Kurds, their flocks driven away, they were plundered of all. They arrived in Urumiah ragged, barefooted and miserable. Their generous compatriots filled their houses, stables, and yards, with the poor sufferers, and yet a large number remained homeless.

Down upon them came the Moslem officials; they drove six hundred of them away from the city to a distant village, and there shut them up in a graveyard sur-

rounded by a high wall. Here they were watched, none allowed to go out; their captors offered them freedom on condition of embracing Islamism. To a man they refused, although they knew the alternative was death by starvation. There were those who braved all dangers to convey food to the captives, but shelter they could not give. The wintry winds blew through their thin clothing, as they shivered in the blast, till one after another dropped down in the damp graveyard, and died; firm to the last, though a single word would have secured their release.

Tidings came to England, and roused to a passion of indignation and admiration, I wrote the following lines, adapted from the Crimean poem:—

THE NESTORIAN SIX HUNDRED.

Torn from their mountain home,
Where beneath Heaven's dome
Shall the poor wanderers roam,
  By the Kurds plundered?
When they reach Eran's plain,
Moslems arise again,
  Seize on six hundred.

Terrors to right of them !
Terrors to left of them !
Terrors in front of them !
Families sundered.
Into that graveyard cold,
Driven both young and old,
Hapless six hundred !

Sudden upon them fell
Tortures no tongue can tell,
On those who stood so well,
Ragged and plundered.
Holding their Christian faith,
Loyal and true to death,
Noble six hundred !

Sorrows on every hand
For that devoted band :
Aid from no Christian land,
Though all men wondered.
Help for the brave we plead,
Help in their desperate need,
Save the six hundred !

Think of them, lying there
On the cold earth and bare,
Naked and hungered.
Help us to rescue them,
All that is left of them,
Left of six hundred !

We believe a remnant were released at last, after indescribable sufferings. O

Israel, cast out of thine own beautiful land for idolatry, how awful has been thy punishment, ground under the iron heel of Heathen and Mohammedan Governments! Like Paul, "troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." "But now, thus saith the Lord, that created thee, O Jacob, and He that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not; for I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine."

RABI MOOSHY.

RABI MOOSHY.

GWERGIS DANIEL was a clever boy in the American College. He rose to be inspector of the schools, and at last of the College itself, where he usually bore the name of Rabi Mooshy. In the Summer he was accustomed to go on a preaching tour among the mountains. In one place he came upon a company of shepherds watching their flocks, and entered into conversation with one of them. He found the man could neither read nor write, and was wholly ignorant of Scripture. He induced him to try to learn the Lord's prayer; the poor fellow found it very difficult to remember, and at last proposed that he should lay the words upon his sheep, and then he was sure he should not forget them. He called up one splendid-looking ram, with huge, curled horns, and told him emphatically that from that time his name was to be

"Baban de shmeia." The ram looked him in the face, and the shepherd was satisfied that he understood. Another sheep he called, and, looking to his teacher for the words, named him "Paish kudsha shemoh." The two sheep now bore the names "Our Father in heaven" and "Thy name be hallowed." "Attia malchutoh," "Thy kingdom come"; and "Havit resioh," "Thy will be done," followed, and so on till the prayer was concluded, and the shepherd satisfied.

Rabi Mooshy passed on to other villages, everywhere trying to sow the heavenly seed, although many were the hardships he had to endure, and often sad disappointments; still, it is written, "He that goeth forth, and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." After a year or two Rabi Mooshy came again to the valley he had visited before. The shepherd was there, and, in answer to his enquiries, with a bright face said, Yes, he could remember all the prayer. With a loud voice he shouted, "Baban de shmeia," and the great ram came out of the

flock and ran to his side. As each sheep heard its name, it came running to the shepherd, and he, looking at the flock, called them as he recognised them. Twice over his teacher stopped him, and said, "You have missed out one," and made him begin again. At last he said, "But he is not here, 'Hallan lachma' is lost." And he went searching everywhere; "Daily bread" was hidden. At last he found his sheep lying under some rocks, and shouted "'Daily bread' is here," and came back, "Hallan lachma" trotting after him. Now the flock was complete, and the prayer was said.

Rabi Mooshy, like many of his countrymen, went to America in order to get a higher education, and then passed on to Canada, where he became a British subject, and studied in the College of Toronto. He was absent twelve years, and all who knew him rejoiced when he returned to Urumiah. He was looked on as a rich man, for he had a gold watch which was much spoken of as "a thing of beauty." One day he was in his vineyard superintending twelve men at work. The vines are planted so that their roots can be well watered while their

branches are laid over low mud walls; these walls have at the right season to be turned over and re-made. This work was going on, Rabi Mooshy standing by. Presently a Mohammedan Seyid rode by; he stopped and demanded Rabi Mooshy's watch in an imperious voice. Mooshy refused, telling him he was a British subject, and could not be forced to submit to robbery. For answer the Seyid drew out his pistol and shot Rabi Mooshy dead. Great was the indignation, for the poor man was universally esteemed.

Both English and American residents demanded punishment of the Seyid, and under the pressure the Persian Government had the man arrested. But he was a Seyid, or holy person, being a descendant of Mohammed, and could not, therefore, be punished. He was set at liberty, and went to the Kurds to rouse them to vengeance against the missionaries. Dr. Cochran, especially, he believed to be the author of his arrest. This good and excellent man was head of the American Hospital, a man who had much influence with the Government. The Kurdish tribe to whom the

Seyid had joined himself, had for many years had a deep grudge against Dr. Cochran, and were very willing to plot his murder.

In the year 1880 the Kurds had gathered a large force to attack the city of Urumiah. Dr. Cochran, anxious to save the town, took presents to the Sheikh, and persuaded him to wait a few days. Being a medical man, he had always been welcomed by the Kurds, and now he went several times to the Kurdish camp, and succeeded in persuading the Sheikh he was far too great a man to go out himself to the battle; that so weak a town as Urumiah had no power to resist, and even a small band could subdue it. Thus flattered, the Kurd was willing to take his advice; meanwhile the missionaries had telegraphed to Tabriz for troops to protect the city. When the Kurds saw a hundred thousand soldiers marching up, they fled, but vowed vengeance on Dr. Cochran, who had by his wisdom saved the town.

A day came when the Seyid heard that Dr. Cochran was going to escort a lady to Khoi, where she would join a party to go to Jerusalem, where a Convention of

Sunday-school teachers was to be held. But by some accident Dr. Cochran was prevented from going, and a young missionary, Mr. Laboree, took his place. As they were returning, he and his Nestorian servant Israel were attacked by the Seyid and a party of Kurds, and murdered. It was an awful sight for those who, hearing the sad tidings, went out to recover the bodies, and found them hacked to pieces, every limb cut off, so that none of their family could have borne to see them. The pieces were put into a coffin and brought to Urumiah, to the aged father and young wife of poor Laboree. They suspected who were the authors of this outrage, but none could prove who had actually committed the murders; but evidence was shortly to come.

The Kurds have always been in the habit of carrying off the young girls, especially when they are pretty, from the Nestorian villages they destroy. Old women and those that are ugly are killed; the babies they cannot be troubled with, so their brains are dashed out; but the little girls, the pretty, innocent, little girls, are carried off to be brides of their conquerors, and

forced to become Mohammedans; and this goes on even to-day.

Among the captives made some years ago was little Zilfie. She was a lovely child, with dark, lustrous eyes and beautiful hair; her parents and all her family were killed, but Zilfie was spared on account of her beauty. Forced outwardly to conform to Mohammedanism, the Nestorian child kept the faith of Jesus in her heart; she never forgot her nation or its faith, though there was none to encourage her. She became the wife of a Kurd, and had one child. After young Mr. Laboree's death, she heard the Kurds boasting of their deed; she listened, and heard who had struck the murderous blow, where they had hid his clothes, and his horse. And her soul rose up in strong passion against those who had brutally killed a Christian missionary. She felt she could no longer dwell "in the tents of wickedness"; old thoughts and memories surged up in her mind, memories of prayers offered in the little far-off mountain church where she had gone with her parents, where the Bible had been read. How long it was since she had heard those holy words! Was

she never to hear them again? Would her soul be lost because she had become a Mohammedan? The awful night, when she had been awakened by the shrieks of dying people, came back with all its vividness; the glare of fire, as houses and stacks were burned; the shouts of the fierce Kurds, the firing of guns, the rushing of terrified women and children. Her own father had been murdered before her eyes, and she herself, a helpless child, carried off with other girls and young women, to the Kurdish camp.

She thought of these things, and it came into her mind to escape, and go to the Christian missionaries, and tell them of the murder of young Mr. Laboree, and ask their protection. Zilfie's heart seemed torn in two; if she went, she knew she must leave her baby boy behind her. Her Kurdish lord would not care about her, already she had ceased to be attractive in his eyes; but the boy, his first-born, he would search and burn every village round, sooner than lose him. Zilfie took the child in her arms, looked her last into his sweet eyes, pressed a long kiss on the infant's cheek, and then

she laid him on his little bed, and stifling her sobs, stepped out into the dark night.

It was a fearful journey to take all alone, down the steep mountain sides, where one false step would be her death; along the narrow ridges, where she could hear the foaming torrent far beneath her. Clinging to the rocks with both hands, she crept on, lighted only by the flickering moonlight. When the sun arose, gilding the snow-capped peaks, she pushed on more rapidly, and at last reached a Nestorian village. There she was kindly received, fed and rested, but she was too anxious to stay long, fearing lest her husband should pursue her; she could be safe nowhere but in the house of the American missionaries.

At last, after several days' walking, she reached Urumiah city, faint and exhausted. She told her story to the kind missionaries, and now they knew the murderer of their comrade was the same cruel Seyid who had killed poor Rabi Mooshy. Zilfie was tenderly cared for, and remained as cook in the house of the missionaries, where she still is, esteemed by all who know her.

The missionaries, of course, wrote to their

Consul of the awful murder of young Laboree, giving the name and tribe of the perpetrators. Imperatively the American Government demanded redress, and tardily as might be, a Persian army was sent to Sougbulak, a Kurdish town on the southern shore of Lake Urmi, where the Seyid and his party were known to be. As the army advanced, the Kurds fled to the mountains; there, surrounded by the Persians, they were on a rock for nearly a week, without provisions, and were on the point of surrender; when some Turkish troops came to their rescue. These sent word to the Persians they were come to fight them. At once the Persian army, being utter cowards, fled, leaving their tents and everything they possessed to the Turks. This disgraceful event took place last year (1908). The wicked Seyid escaped, and the Persian Government paid about £12,000 to young Mrs. Laboree and her children.

The Turkish army continued to hold the town of Sougbulak for some months; and during that time they heard that, in a large village about a day's journey, there was a Kurdish chief who had embraced Chris-

tianity. The Turkish commander sent a detachment of troops to punish him. They burnt the village, robbed the Sheikh of everything he possessed, and then, my correspondent wrote, "tortured him in an indescribable manner," because he refused to deny Jesus as his Saviour.

Let us go back a few years, to tell the history of this noble Christian Kurd, Abu Said, and how he came under our notice, and became our friend.

It was in 1897 that a party of Nestorians came from Persia, and handed me a letter vaguely addressed to Western Christians, saying it had been sent to them by a Kurdish Sheikh. They translated the letter thus:

"Greeting to the presence of the excellent and kind friends of the spiritual nation who is amongst the English and European countries, a petition and peace.

This letter is on behalf of a highly esteemed Nestorian Christian, Deacon Shmuel Khoshaba. During his labours in the city of Sougbulak, we became moved by his spiritual conversation, and the beauty of the doctrine he preached. He became a great help to the people to see beauty and

laws in Jesus Christ, that He is the Son of God. Already some celebrated and mature men of our tribe have believed in Jesus Christ; who has destroyed the castles of Satan in their hearts, building the temples of God instead. Since we stepped into the sphere of this friend, we found kindness, and knew God. I am the chief leader of fifty thousand Kurds, but through him I have known the Son of God, as my personal, dear Saviour. Deacon Shmuel is so well known in this country, we cannot give him up; we cannot maintain the influence of Jesus in this dark land of ours. During the time mentioned he has been employed by the American missionaries; but as their mission is no longer able to support him, he is obliged to leave us. I bring his case before the Western Christians. We shall be very glad and thankful to the people of God to help his needs, and to send him back to continue his work among us. I can cordially justify his work, so can other influential persons. He is very popular, and much beloved by all who have seen him, and there are blessed results from the work of God in this field. I close in the name of

Jesus Christ. My prayers, and peace, to all Christian people through the familiarity of our dear Saviour.

Signed and sealed,

ABU SAARDI."

To this touching letter was added another appeal from the Jews in Sougbulak:—

"Ten thousand times peace, proceed from the tongues of the Elders of the Congregation of Israel at Sougbulak, from Malim (Priest) Abiah, Robein, Sheikh Mooshi, Yohanah, Sheikh David, Dr. Shimon, Priest Mikiel, for all honourable Christians who meet with this letter. God bless you, and make you to hear a sound of song in His Temple.

This is our testimony about Deacon Shmuel. From the day he came among us, which is twelve years ago, he has shown great kindness and love towards us. He has visited us in our homes, and walked in our congregations. He has had a pure and holy walk amongst us, and saved us from the oppression of the Kurds.

We have great sorrow that he is being taken from our midst, and from our hands.

courageous chief, with all his friends and followers, went to the Protestant church; and then returned in peace to his home.

Abu Said is supreme ruler and judge over his own large tribe; to everyone who comes to him he preaches Jesus. Not all accept his views, and he always holds his life in danger; still he is much beloved. The only Kurd I ever saw came to my door saying, "Can you tell me anything of Sheikh Baba?" (or "Sheikh father.") The poor wanderer hungered for news of his beloved chief.

Last year news came that the noble Kurd was robbed and tortured, and left destitute by the Turks. We raised a fund by an appeal in the papers, and sent it to Deacon Shmuel to forward to him. But the good Deacon took it himself, and his meeting with Abu Said was a great joy and comfort to them both. The Kurds stood round wondering to see their chief cast himself into the arms of his friend. With prayer and holy converse, a few days passed happily. The forty pounds we had sent proved sufficient to restore Abu Said's house, and his faithful followers hastened to bring him

gifts of rugs and other comforts to furnish his rooms. "I am willing to suffer even more than I have yet done for my Saviour's sake," wrote Abu Said in a letter of grateful thanks.

This chapter we will conclude with the following original idea, from Deacon Shmuel's letter:—

"Dear Friend,

Some day, in heaven, the Lord Jesus will say to you, 'Miss Barclay, allow me to introduce these Kurds to you, whom you have been the means of bringing here.'"

Of course, no such blessing could be ascribed to me, who only raised a small salary for Deacon Shmuel; but he, we believe, will have many stars in his crown from among those wild tribes among whom he laboured so faithfully.

LETTER FROM A NESTORIAN LADY TO HER HUSBAND IN ENGLAND.

(Translated from the Syriac.)

"Urmia, Persia,
January, 1909.

YOU will be surprised to hear the story of the Turkish Consul at Urumiah, and the fighting he had on the way to Tabriz. He went to the lake of Urmia to take boat to Tabriz. When he arrived at the lake a man asked him where he was going; he said, "To Tabriz." Then that man gave a letter to the captain of the boat, to send at once to Satar Khan, in Tabriz. The Consul guessed what the letter was; but he told no one of his suspicions. He had with him two ladies, and a Persian cat. Arrived on the other side of the lake, the cat escaped, so the Consul seized that excuse to say he must return to Urmi, as he had promised the beautiful cat as a present to

badge.' Then one who seemed chief put spurs to his horse, and cried, 'Hold him and kill him, son of a dog.' The servant fired at the man, who fell from his horse dead. Then the Consul and his servant fired as fast as they could with their magazine guns, and revolvers.

The fighting lasted two hours; after the enemy had dispersed a little, the Consul ordered his servant to collect the guns of those who were killed. But when he went to the supposed dead, one of them got up, took his gun, and ran away. Then the Consul himself went, and one among the bodies sat up, so he hit him in the eye with his gun, and killed him. He captured eight guns. They had had 400 cartridges each; his servant had but four left, and he himself had twenty left. He had killed eight men, and twelve horses.

Soon after another band appeared; this time, not having cartridges, he was very much discouraged. He ordered the woman to bring his mackintosh to him; he hoisted the flag, and he rolled up the mackintosh to appear like a dead man at the foot of the flag. Then they climbed up the moun-

tain among the rocks to hide themselves. The Revolutionaries came on with their flag, which he recognised as Satar Khan's; but one of their number he happened to know personally. All this time they were heavily firing at the mackintosh, but when they approached they found it was nothing but a coat; then they pursued him up the mountain, and as they came near he recognised one of them as a friend. After talking at a distance, this man advised him to leave the flag, mackintosh, and his boots behind, and to go to Tabriz by the mountain road.

As soon as they arrived at the city, they sold one gun, and bought cartridges. The Turkish Consul at Tabriz sent for him, as he had heard a reliable and well-known man had been killed under the Turkish flag, and was left by the wayside, and the flag also; and he was very anxious to hear about it. But the Consul said it was untrue, for he had just come from that place, and no one there was dead. After being pressed, he told all the story, and the Tabriz Consul at once telegraphed to Constantinople and Teheran, and great honour was bestowed on

THE OPPRESSION.

ONE thing the Nestorians suffer from is the want of justice; the word of a Christian is never taken against that of a Mohammedan—bribery is the rule everywhere. "Of course," said Shimon to me, "he that pays highest, gets the justice." And he told me a story of a poor man who had been robbed by a highwayman. Both stood before the judge, who spoke very harshly, and drove them from his presence. Presently the judge's servant came and whispered to his master; the great man's face relaxed, he sent for the two men to return. "So, friend, you have come again," said he to the robber, and with much politeness seated him beside him, and heard his story over again. The poor man stood trembling, he knew the judge had been heavily bribed; of course, the case was given against him, and the judge demanded

to know what his religion was. The poor man answered "Nazara" (or Nazarene). In great wrath the judge cried out, "This dog of an unbeliever has accused a true follower of the Prophet," and ordered him to be bastinadoed. He was seized, thrown on his back, his feet fastened to a rail, and there beaten, till he fainted with the pain. Thus he had to suffer the more because he had been robbed.

Taxation is another great oppression; the farmers in Persia suffer greatly, because all the land in the kingdom belongs to the lords or khans—many of them own as many as twenty-five villages. The peasant has to buy ground from the khan, and then pay tax for it. For each cow, buffalo, mare, or sheep they must pay tax; the farmer has also to give to the lord every year two chickens and a certain proportion of eggs; also to furnish him with timber for fuel, which, if wood is not growing on his land, he has to buy. Besides this, he must work for the khan when required without wages. And when harvest comes the lord allows him to keep one-third of the produce, while he is obliged to surrender two-thirds of his

wheat or millet or barley to the khan, thresh it, and make it ready for use.

In addition to this, the peasant, or ryot, as he is called, has to pay Government taxes. These are farmed out to the collectors, who often make the ryots pay far more than is due. One can hardly understand how under such circumstances the peasant can make a living; nor perhaps can we wonder that the haughty mountain men look down on those who submit to these oppressions.

The number of executioners is also a great evil in Persia. A Prince of the Royal Family has authority to behead men; besides this, if the Shah appoints a Governor, he gives him a knife, by which is understood that he may put whom he pleases to death. Every Prince or Governor keeps at least two ferashes, clothed in scarlet, who are his executioners. A mayor may not behead; still he is allowed to kill criminals by fastening them to the mouth of a cannon, or he may bury the victim in a cask of cement, which, as it hardens, soon kills the man. It is a rule that no Christian or Jew may be beheaded, they being considered too unclean for such an honourable death;

neither are Princes nor great men beheaded —for them the punishment is to have their eyes destroyed, or to be forced to drink poison.

Another misery poor Christians have to endure is to see their children taken from them. A great lord may pass through a village, and take a fancy to some beautiful boy or girl, and demand them as slaves. They are not often refused, for were the wretched parents to do so, the whole village would be burnt, and many lives lost. A Nestorian mother said to me of her little girl, "She is not so pretty as she was." I said, "Perhaps not"; and she replied, "I am so glad; we are always in fear if we have a lovely child." Sometimes, for a joke, at a Christian wedding the Mohammedans will carry off the bride.

It may be wondered why the mountain men ever settled in Persia, where they are subject to so many oppressions. Perhaps fear of the devastating Kurds may be one cause. In the Ashiret territory the Nestorians all bear arms, but in the districts under Turkish rule they are not allowed weapons of defence, while the Kurds are

favoured by the Government, and used by them as cavalry. After the massacre of the Armenians the Kurdish chiefs received rewards and favours from the Sultan. A Kurd considers himself disgraced if he has never killed any Christians; it is an honour to obtain what they call the green hand, which means they have killed several men. Then the mountain men are very ignorant; those who have a desire to study come down to Persia to the schools, and feel no inclination to return to the former rough primitive life, but enjoying the greater civilisation, and intercourse with cultured minds, settle down in Persian cities, and become merchants, doctors, or bankers.

The plains of Persia are also very fertile, especially those of Urumiah; cotton, silk, and tobacco are grown in great quantities, and all kinds of grain—wheat, barley and rice—abound. The vineyards are also a great attraction; each family who is happy enough to possess one spends the Summer months in their vineyard. They sleep in a little hut built for the purpose, and spend the day basking in the heat under the shade of fruit trees which are planted in the vine-

yards, as we read, "A certain man had a fig tree planted in his vineyard." The scent of the grapes is delicious; fruit of all kinds is abundant—apricots, pears, peaches, almonds, apples, pomegranates, oranges, lemons, mulberries, melons, figs, cherries, plums, nuts, and all kinds of herbs, vegetables, and flowers.

To step out at five o'clock in the dewy freshness of the morning to gather grapes, to lie and dream under the trees in the sultry noontide heat, lulled by the singing of birds, with the air fragrant with many scents; and to sit in converse with friends in the pleasant shade—this is the Oriental's ideal holiday, and one which, though a European would certainly find it enervating, he says refreshes and fits him for work in the cooler season.

THE CAPTURE OF A KURD.

THE CAPTURE OF A KURD.

THOUGH the Kurds are such enemies to the Nestorians, yet they are not always at war with them, and if a Kurd needs hospitality, he does not fear to stop at a Nestorian house for the night, and will be kindly received. It is a point of honour that he will not rob his host, though he may probably steal something from the next house. They are trained from childhood to steal; when a boy is six years old, his father will give him a dagger and pistol, and teach him how to use them.

Dr. Adams, in his book, "Persia, by a Persian,"* tells how a father had a timid son who was afraid to steal. "The father wanted to make him a successful thief, so tried the following plan: The first night he sent the child to steal grapes from his own yard; the second night corn from his own

* To be had from the Nestorian Mission (7/6).

crib; the third, grapes from a stranger, next a chicken, then a sheep, then to enter a house, and so on until the youth became a most daring highway robber. Then the father was proud of his son, and told him that he had become a man and could marry."

The girls of these tribes will not marry a man until his reputation as a successful robber is established; they wish to be assured that they will not starve after marriage. An old man is not honoured by a tribe; they say he cannot fight nor rob, and is good for nothing but to feed sheep. The man most highly honoured is the one who has killed the most men.

The following story was related to me by Gabriel Bar Alexander: One night, his uncle, having made an appointment with a friend who was coming to spend the night in conversation, arranged that he would undertake to watch the flock that night, and his friend could come to him there. He sat for some time, and when at last he saw a man approaching, he thought it was his friend, until suddenly he saw him seize a sheep, and was carrying it off; then he

fired, and the Kurd, dropping the sheep, fled.

But Joseph, for this was the name of Gabriel's uncle, determined to catch the marauder. He was sure the man was out on an excursion for stealing, for the Kurds often sleep during the day, and, like the wild beasts, rise at sunset and go out to plunder. So Joseph hastened to summon his brother Alexander, the father of Gabriel, and ten young men of his tribe, who were cousins; and in the early dawn they hid themselves near the path they knew the Kurd would take to his village. During Summer the Kurds live in tents in cool places on the mountain slopes; in Winter they dwell in houses built underground, consisting generally of one room, with small holes on the top for light and air. The one room serves for bedroom, parlour, kitchen, and stables; they are loathsomely dirty, and evil-smelling, and no doubt the families are glad to escape from these foul holes, in which they live like the animals who share them, to the freer and more airy tents.

The ambuscade was successful. Soon the party of Nestorians saw two Kurds

coming up the hill; to dash out upon them was the work of a moment. The two men fled in opposite directions; the Nestorian lads, fleet of foot, divided to pursue them, while the older men followed more leisurely. One only was captured, and the young cousins brought him back in triumph, firmly bound. Gabriel's uncle Joseph was a very cruel man; he was for killing the Kurd at once, but his brother Alexander would not hear of killing a man in cold blood. Putting a chain round the Kurd's neck, Joseph gave the end to his son, and bade him lead him; but presently Alexander saw his brother put his gun to the Kurd's back, and sprang forward, and with his hand struck the muzzle of the gun upward, so that the bullet went into the air. Joseph turned angrily upon him, but the poor Kurd fell at Alexander's feet, kissing them, and thanking him for having saved his life.

Gabriel said his father was a very kind, humane man, and he promised the Kurd that he should not be put to death. He was taken to Alexander's home, and confined in the stable; he was heavily chained to prevent escape, but otherwise was kindly

treated. Plenty of food was given him, and Gabriel, a little fellow of eight years old, and a cousin of the same age, were allowed to take the Kurd out every day for a walk. This was great fun to the little boys—they led him by a chain, and would be dancing about him as they went through the village, proud to be seen by the tribe as the captors of a Kurd; the poor man all the time talking to them, and trying to make friends with them, saying, "How nicely you dance! I like you." But in all their glee, the boys were true mountaineers—they were not going to let Shahwishou escape; so day by day they led him like a dog, their dancing steps keeping pace with his, while they skipped about, and laughed and shouted, and perhaps, child-like, grew fond of their charge. The stable was no bad place to sleep in; Shahwishou was used to sharing his room with sheep, oxen, and horses, with having cocks and hens perched above him, and a crowd of men, women, and children all huddled together under one quilt. So discomforts were nothing to him, but the loss of liberty is worse to a Kurd than the loss of life.

After a while Shahwishou's tribe entered into negotiations with the Nestorians to ransom him. Every Kurd of his tribe came and brought presents to Gabriel's family, and the Kurd was set free. He returned to his village, but he never forgot the kindness shown him, and he became one of the best friends the family had.

This trait of gratitude is a redeeming point among the Kurds; it is the same with all those mountain men, whether Christian or Mohammedan. Fierce and easily provoked, relentless in vengeance, their hot blood is equally capable of the corresponding virtues; ardently affectionate, faithful to the death, and grateful for the least kindness, makes them a most loveable people. After a visit to me, the warm-hearted Gabriel wrote: "I love you as my mother; that was why I got your photograph to keep until I die in my sight, because you have been kind to me. When once kindness and friendliness is shown towards us mountaineers, we never forget it until death."

Among the Kurds are Syrians who had been forced by persecution, or tempted by gifts, to become Mohammedans in former

generations; these, remembering their ancestry, are often kind to Nestorians in distress. One of these took a widowed sister of Esther Abraham, after her husband had been killed and their home broken up, kept her for several months, and then sent her back to her family in all honour. Soulti became my little Shmuel's nurse in his dying hours.

Besides the Nestorians, Kurds, and Yezidees, about fifty thousand Jews are in the mountains and the adjacent parts of Persia; there are also Armenians, Turks, and Arabs, but none of these intermingle, though all live the same nomadic life. "The snowy crags of Jelu, the burning plains of Mesopotamia, the rocky canyons of Ravandooz, the deep gorges of the Zab, the fertile plains of Urumiah, are not more dissimilar than are the Armenian, the suave Jacobite, the crafty Persian, the stolid Turk, the wild Arab, the savage Kurd, the patient Jew, and the oppressed Nestorian"—writes the author of "Persia, by a Persian."

The ancient Church of the Nestorians has always suffered persecutions. They began in A.D. 325; again in the fourteenth

century, by Tamerlane; since then continually by the Mohammedans. In 1848 more than 25,000 Nestorians were massacred in one month by Kurdish miras or chiefs, and in 1897 a bishop, two elders, and ten men were killed as martyrs. All the Colleges of the Nestorians were destroyed by Tamerlane; from that time they had not a single school. Their books were burned by the Mohammedans in order to keep them ignorant, and the learned monks and bishops, who were full of the spirit of Christ, in spreading the Gospel at home and abroad, had all vanished. The cloud of ignorance spread over the nation, yet, like the burning bush of old, this Church has been burning with persecution, but has not been consumed. This is the testimony of Rev. Samuel Nweeya, M.D., a Nestorian, whose brother spent a month with me a few years ago.

The wandering tribes are remarkable for their attachment to their chiefs, for the affection relations bear to one another, and the strength of those ties by which every individual is bound to the community of which he is a part. The following is an

authentic history of an old man of one of these tribes, during the reign of Kerreem Khan Zend: Twelve men had been robbed and murdered under the walls of Shiraz. The perpetrators of this outrage could not for a long period be discovered, but Kerreem Khan commanded the officers of justice, under threats of vengeance, to discover the offenders. After some months it was discovered by accident that a small branch of Kerreem's own tribe were the murderers; their guilt was clearly proved, and though intercession was made for some to be pardoned, Kerreem had vowed that every man should suffer, and their being of his own favoured tribe made him more inexorable—they had, he said, brought disgrace on him.

When the prisoners were brought before him to receive sentence, there was among them a youth of twenty whose beautiful face, and attractive appearance, induced some to plead for mercy to be shown to him. The Prince would not break his oath, but just as the prisoners were being led to execution, the father of the young man rushed forward, and begged to speak to the Prince.

Permission was granted, and he addressed him as follows:—

"Kerreem Khan, you have sworn that these guilty men shall die, and it is just; but I, who am not guilty, come here to demand a boon of my chief. My son is young, he has been deluded into crime; his life is forfeited, but he has hardly tasted the sweets of life; he is just betrothed in marriage. I come to die in his stead. Be merciful! Let an old, worn-out man perish, and spare a youth, who may be useful to his tribe; let him live to drink of the waters and till the ground of his ancestors."

Kerreem Khan was greatly moved by the old man's appeal; he could not pardon the offence, having sworn on the Koran that all concerned should be put to death. But with feelings very different to our sense of justice, but congenial to those of the chief of a tribe, he granted the father's prayer, and the old man went exultingly to meet his fate. While all around were filled with pity, the son, wild and distracted with grief, threw himself on his knees to implore the Prince to let him suffer the death he merited, and to save the more valuable life of his

aged, devoted, and innocent father. But the sentence had been spoken, and the agonised son saw his father suffer in his stead.

MARIAM.

MARIAM.

ONE night, when we were all fast asleep, we were roused by loud knocking; a cab was at the door, with a family of four Nestorians: a young man Elia, his sister Mariam, and a little boy and girl, whom he was taking to Chicago to Mariam's husband, who had a good position there in the College of Physicians and Surgeons. The children had been refused at Libau, as their eyes were full of trachoma. Not knowing what to do—for they could not leave the children in Russia—they resolved to change their tickets and come to England to consult with me, as they could not understand any language but their native Syriac. So they arrived in the dead of night in the pouring rain, miserable and shivering with cold. Margaret was out of bed in an instant, giving them loving welcome, and quickly

arranged for their reception, without a word of murmur, though we had for some time been rather overwhelmed by Nestorians.

After some lengthy consultation with them, rendered difficult by our imperfect knowledge of each other's language, we decided that the children must remain in my care to be treated in Guy's Hospital, and that Mariam and Elia should go on to Chicago. The poor mother was willing, though she deeply felt parting with her only girl, a lovely child of seven years, and kept saying, "Oner, Shushan." Oner, as she pronounced the Bible name of Abner, was a lad of fifteen; three other sons were in Chicago with their father.

On the Saturday after their arrival, I took Elia and Mariam to the station, and saw them off to Southampton; on my return I took the children to get little Shushan suitable clothes; she strongly resented having to wear a hat, and cried so much that I had to give in, and let her wear an orange-coloured silk handkerchief over her head, which, with her gay-coloured dress, made her rather conspicuous in the streets. In the afternoon, to our dismay, Elia and

Mariam appeared again with one word, which we had learned to dread, "Muderra," "Returned." Mariam was rejected by the doctor as having trachoma. She had been parted from her husband for five years, and appeared greatly dejected. I put my arm round her and said, "Hal libba (Be comforted), you are welcome." We prayed earnestly that we should know the Lord's will in thus stranding this unfortunate family upon us; little thinking of the great joy He was preparing for us. It is thus we often accept with patience what seems a trial, when if we had trusted more fully the promise that "all things work together for good to them that love God," we should receive His dispensations with a smile.

On Sunday I took all the family with me to church; they could comprehend nothing but understood they were to pray for themselves when we knelt down. Our dear aged Vicar that day seemed filled with the Spirit of God; he preached a sermon that thrilled me, and a sudden thought flashed on me to call on him, as an elder of the church, to pray for my sick ones. When the service ended, I hastened to the vestry to ask him;

he returned with me, and stood in the pew opposite the four Nestorians. It was a sight I could never forget; that venerable man in his white robes, his saintly face and long white beard, his hand stretched over the dark faces bowed before him, and his fervent prayer. He was affected and wiped the tears from his eyes as he turned away.

The next day I began to feel my guidance; I was to take the family to a doctor in the East of London, who was the examiner for several of the shipping lines. Elia was passed as having very slight traces of trachoma in one eye, which the doctor said would not prevent his sailing; the children he could not pass. But when Mariam was examined he said, "She has had a most successful operation." I asked her if it were so, thinking it most unlikely, since she came from a village in Persia, and till she went to Southampton had no idea that her eyes were diseased. She said her eyes had never been touched, and Elia confirmed it. The doctor said, "She cannot be speaking the truth; she has had an operation done most skilfully, a most successful operation," and he called his

assistant to look at a "most interesting case." He turned back the lids, and I could see the place on each eye which looked as if a finger had smoothed the pimples away. He wrote her certificate, "Free from trachoma; has had a most successful operation."

We were filled with awe and deep thankfulness; full well we knew Who was the skilful operator, whose work had excited the admiration of the oculist. Then we saw the reason of her going to Southampton, to be certified by one oculist that she had trachoma too severely to be allowed to pass. And two days after to be certified by another doctor that she was healed.

That week Elia and Mariam sailed for America, no further obstruction being raised. We clasped hands and said, "Maran Ishou" ("Our Lord Jesus"). It was He who had delivered them, and as we parted Mariam clung round my neck murmuring, "Shushan, Oner," her last committal of her children to me.

It is often said these people should be sent back to their own country; but if the revolting cruelties they suffer from were

generally known, more sympathy would be felt for those who have managed to escape, and only ask to share the freedom of our British rule. Kurds and Turkish soldiers alike look upon Christian women as their lawful prey; young girls engaged to be married are frequently carried off by Moslems. Taxes are often collected twice, and if refused the man's life or liberty is forfeited. Often he is imprisoned without trial, and sometime dies before the trial comes on, from starvation. The word of a Christian is never taken against that of a Mohammedan. If a Moslem asks anything from a Christian and it is refused, he generally shoots him dead. Life, goods, honour, are at the mercy of their oppressors; what wonder if high-spirited young men, educated by the missionaries, find such a country intolerable to live in, and make their way westward seeking for work to make a home for their families. They are, as a rule, thrifty, industrious, and honest, and make excellent colonists in the land of their adoption. The awful causeless massacres yearly taking place testify to the oppression and cruelty of their masters.

Should not this intelligent race have some help and sympathy from us who live in a happier clime?

Mariam's husband soon after wrote to me:—

"Dear Madam,

Your letter on hand. I am glad and thankful for your care and kindness toward my family. Elia and Mariam now are with us safe; they have arrived yesterday. I was much happy to have them, but when I saw the rest of children detained I feel very sorry. I am praying that Lord cure them in His grace of love. Thank God for you, that you have the love of Christ in your heart, and Christian sympathy. I am sure God will bless you through His work to be blessing to those that are need in such times. If you need money for my children's expenses I will send any time that you write to me, and I wish if you please to let me know every week how they get along. My wife Mariam greets you; her best wishes, and she is very thankful for what you have done to her. Surely we all can't forget this great aid toward us. I believe God will reward you in heaven through whole

eternity because you have been blessing to many in the matter of sorrow and need. Accept my best wishes and love. God bless you and guide you through the path of duty. Remember me in your praying hours.

Sincerely yours,

EMANUEL LAZAR."

The children were for a short time in Guy's Hospital, where they became favourites with all. "Are they good?" I asked of the kind Sister Ruth. "Good!" she exclaimed, "we never had such good children before. Fancy any English child standing patiently to have their eyes painted, without screaming and fighting!"

After a while we were able to send them to the National Home for Children, where they seem very happy, and Abner will be taught industrial work.

The following is a letter from Mariam's husband in Chicago:—

"Dear Madam,

I have received your letter, and I was much glad to hear from you again, so am happy that my children are getting along nicely. I am sure that the Lord will hear

our prayers, and send them over here, as He answered your prayers for Mariam and Elia; I believe in prayer more than anything else, and we will rejoice to see their sweet faces. I am praising the Lord for your sincere and Christian sympathy toward my children; you have done a great thing for me, that I can't forget it through my lifetime.

I have explained your kind letter to Mariam my wife. She was enjoyed ever so much in your nice words; she was laughing and praising God for healing power. She says 'I have not seen any kind operations in my life yet; but that one it was God's touch in mercy.'

My wife greets you her love, and so myself. Give our love to Abner and Shushan.

God bless and guide you safely.

Cordially yours,

EMANUEL LAZAR."

WHO ARE THEY?

WHO ARE THEY?

LONG ages ago, we read, in the Bible, of the idolatry of the children of Israel; when, through the revolt of the ten tribes from Rehoboam, they lost the sanctifying influence of the feasts at Jerusalem. Living on the borders of heathendom, and seeing that, without doubt, there was a powerful Satanic influence in the religion of those countries, they were tempted to worship these false deities, probably as an addition to their own God. Elijah restored the true worship at Carmel; Elisha and other prophets testified in vain, and warned the people of the awful punishments in store if they persisted in their sin. At length the judgment fell: "Hoshea did evil in the sight of the Lord. Against him came up Shalmaneser, king of Assyria. Then the king of Assyria came up throughout all the land, and went up to Samaria,

and besieged it three years. In the ninth year of Hoshea, the king of Assyria took Samaria, and carried Israel away into Assyria, and placed them in Halah, and in Habor, by the river of Gozan, and in the cities of the Medes. Because they obeyed not the voice of the Lord their God, but transgressed His covenant."

In 1839 the American medical missionary Dr. Grant visited the mountain district of Kurdistan; there, in the very lands still retaining the name of Habor, and Halah, he found the Nestorians dwelling. Their names are all Biblical, their language that formerly spoken in the Holy Land, their customs many of them Jewish, their peculiar form of government exactly that in the times of the Judges; a pastoral people devoted to their flocks and herds; intelligent, courageous, intensely independent, marrying only among themselves, keeping aloof from other nations, divided into tribes—yet all claiming to be brethren. Gozan, mentioned as the place of their captivity, has now become Zozan. G and Z are mentioned by Gesenius as interchangeable. Zozan means the pasture on the highlands,

where, to this day, the Nestorians camp out in the Summer with their great flocks of sheep, and call it going to Zozan.

A visit to these pastures is beautifully described by one of the missionaries of the Assyrian Mission:—

"In the month of July, I left Urmi on a visit to Mar Bishu, Eial, and Pagi, and was somewhat surprised on arriving to find these villages practically deserted; but on inquiring I found that the population had not fled from fear of the Kurds, but were all up on the mountains in the zumanie (booths) or the Summer camps, with their flocks. It was now towards evening, and very hot, so I resolved to remain the night in the village, and in the morning to go up and spend a few days with these pastoral folk. The following morning we set out with one of our scholars as guide. Our path lay by the side of the river, and so tempting and cool the water looked we could not resist a dip.

At the village of Pagi, where the sun never shines on account of its lying deep down in a narrow valley, but for all that a very pleasant place, with tall walnut trees,

and the river rushing past the very doors of the houses, we were joined by our old teacher, Rabbi Yakob, and began to ascend the steep mountain under his guidance. In about two hours, we arrived half-way up, and ate our lunch, consisting of bread, a peculiar grass called 'mandé,' and a cool draught from one of the numerous springs. After a considerable time we went on again, and presently began to cross a dip, still filled up with snow.

Late in the afternoon we reached the first camp, consisting of several black tents in a row, woven by the women from goats' hair. There were crowds of women and children, churns made from skins, piles of fuel, and large cooking pots. The camp was pitched in a hollow, on beautiful green turf, with a clear stream flowing down the middle, and surrounded with patches of snow. Soon the shepherds returned, leading their mixed flocks of sheep and goats, and the women and children at once began milking, the men carrying the pails of milk back to the camp, and emptying them into large pots called 'qazanje,' on a big fire, made from a thistle called 'samirma,' which grows

profusely on the mountains, and is also used in the villages for lighting the 'tanura,' or the large underground oven. A little old 'masta' (sour milk) is poured into the boiling milk, then it is taken off the fire, left for about three hours to cool, when the 'qrushta' or cream is taken from the top, the whole of the underneath having in the meantime turned into 'masta.' The 'qrushta' is very pleasant to eat with honey, and in villages where bees are kept, a great deal of it is preserved in jars, in layers of honey and 'qrushta,' for winter use. The milking was finished in a remarkably short time, the flocks left close to the camp in the charge of the dogs, and as it was now exceedingly cold, we all sat round the camp fires, and the shepherds wiled away the time by playing on the 'shabiba' (the shepherd's pipe). Soon we went into the tents, and laid ourselves down in a 'kapanak,' a large and thick felt coat without sleeves, worn by the shepherds.

Waking at five in the morning, the flocks had already been milked, and led away by the shepherds to the pastures, and as it was exceedingly cold, we spent an hour or so in

working the churns, called 'guda.' These are made of dried sheep skins, and slung on a tripod by ropes attached to the four legs, and a stick is attached to the two front legs to serve as a handle. A quantity of water and 'masta' (three parts to five) is poured in through the neck, which is then tied up. The churn is jerked backwards and forwards for half-an-hour or so, when about half the contents will have become butter, and the liquid, called 'dowi,' is poured into the 'qanzanjé,' placed on the fire for a short time, and when strained, becomes 'qatikh' (curd). This again is rolled into balls, left in the sun to dry, and called 'qushqé,' and put away for winter use. 'Qatikh' is also used for making 'jagig,' a sort of cream cheese, mixed with herbs, called 'mandé' and 'siyabu,' and much eaten by the people.

During the day we went to several other camps, some many miles away, talking to the people and distributing medicines. The next day being the feast of Mar Tuma, the milking was finished early, and all who could be spared came down to the village for the qurabana."

Though we are accustomed to speak of the Lost Tribes, yet it is evident their locality was known in former times. This is proved by Josephus, who recites a speech made by King Agrippa to the Jews, in exhorting them to remain subject to the Romans: "What! Do you stretch your hopes beyond the river Euphrates? Do any of you think that your fellow-tribes will come to your assistance out of Adiabene? Besides, if they would come, the Parthians would not permit it." Adiabene, once part of the Assyrian Empire, is now called Kurdistan.

Josephus also affirms, "There are but two tribes in Asia and Europe subject to the Romans; while the ten tribes are beyond the Euphrates till now, and are an immense multitude, not to be estimated by numbers."

Jerome, in the fifth century, states, "The ten tribes are to this day in the land of their captivity." "Unto this day the ten tribes are subject to the kings of the Persians, nor has their captivity ever been loosed." And again, "The ten tribes inhabit at this day the cities and mountains of the Medes."

Can there be any reasonable doubt that

the Nestorians are the lineal descendants of these ten tribes, the children of Abraham the friend of God, and as such entitled to our warmest sympathy?

In Isaiah xxvii. 12 we have this remarkable prophecy: "And ye shall be gathered one by one, O ye children of Israel. And it shall come to pass in that day, that the great trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come that were ready to perish in the land of Assyria, and the outcasts in the land of Egypt (the Jews), and shall worship the Lord in the holy mount of Jerusalem." Again, in Hosea xi. 11: "They shall tremble as the dove, out of the land of Assyria." These prophecies show that, until that great day of deliverance comes, Israel will remain in the place of their captivity. Therefore the people that inhabit that place must be Israel.

The Patriarch Abraham Mar Shimon, visited by Dr. Grant, the first Western Christian who had penetrated into the mountains of Kurdistan, distinctly affirmed that they were "Beni Israel," and that his family knew they were descended from the tribe of Naphtali—"a claim," he says, "that

certainly savours little of vanity. If the assertions be not founded in truth, why do they not claim affinity with the sacerdotal or royal tribes? What possible motive can they have for courting an alliance with the humble son of a handmaid? The highest family in the nation setting up an unfounded claim to a connection with the most humble, with one of the least distinguished, of all their ancient tribes! With the pride of ancestry which especially characterises every distinguished Oriental, there is a strong temptation for them to disavow this humble connection altogether, and substitute for it one of more honourable name. We are left to the fair conclusion that the Patriarch's family are what they profess to be — the descendants of the tribe of Naphtali."

The Nestorians claim that the wise men who followed the star were of their nation, and came from Urumiah, where large numbers of them still live, this being one of "the cities of the Medes," where they were deported from Palestine. There seems great probability in this assertion, for no other nation but Israel would at once

connect the appearance of a star with a king to be born in Jerusalem. They knew the prophecy of Balaam, "There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall rise out of Israel." And these poor captives may have ardently longed for the promised Messiah. They may even have calculated the time of His appearing from Daniel's prophecy, "Know therefore and understand that from the going forth of the commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem, unto the Messiah the Prince, shall be seven weeks, and three score and two weeks. And after three score and two weeks shall Messiah be cut off, but not for Himself." Daniel, like themselves a captive under Persian rule, would seem especially their own prophet; and we can picture the elders of Israel discussing these prophecies, and intensely on the watch as the year drew nigh. It is never for earthly knowledge that the Bible calls men wise. The star appears, is joyfully noted at once, and a deputation is sent to Jerusalem; well they knew Messiah was to be of the tribe of Judah. It is unlikely that heathen nations would have known this. Nor does it seem

likely that God, who said, "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim?" would not have sent to call the children of Joseph, as well as the shepherds of Judah, to the infant Saviour.

In later times our Lord said to His disciples, "But go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." This could hardly mean the Jews, to whom they had been preaching, and who are never spoken of as the house of Israel. We know from history that Thomas and Thaddeus went to the mountain Syrians and preached Jesus to them; and when the Jews as a nation rejected their Messiah, lost Israel received Him, and the whole nation became Christian.

On the day of Pentecost we read there were in Jerusalem "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia," and these are the lands over which captive Israel was scattered. These men, returning to their families, would bring the good news with them, and thus prepare the way for the preaching of Thomas, whom the Nestorians consider as their own apostle.

The learned author Assemani (Bib Orient) says: "The Adjabena (Adiabene was Kur-

distan), Elamites, Persians, and Medes were brought over to the faith by the apostles Thomas, Thaddeus, Simon, Matthew, and Bartholomew, as has been shown from Greek, Latin, and Syrian authors." And again he says: "First of all, beyond Mesopotamia, as it appears, the Adjabena and Elamites, in two of the provinces of the Persian kingdom, very quickly embraced the Christian faith, in the very commencement of the infant Church." "Gregory Bar Hebrews says that Thomas preached to the Parthians and Medes. . . . We are taught by the book of the preaching of the holy apostles that the divine apostle Thomas first preached the Christian faith in the East, in the second year from the ascent of our Lord. . . . He preached to Parthians, Medes, and Persians."

It is thus clear that the ten tribes were in the mountains of Assyria in the first century, that they received the Gospel directly from the apostles, and that the great mass of the nation was thus early converted to Christianity.

The name of Syrian, by which this people always call themselves, again links them to

the Holy Land; as far back as the days of Moses, we read in Deuteronomy xxvi. 5: "And thou shalt speak and say before the Lord thy God, A Syrian ready to perish was my father, and he went down into Egypt," etc. The name of Nestorian was given them as a term of reproach by their enemies; the learned Bishop of Constantinople, Nestorius, had been declared a heretic, and deposed from his see, by the Romanising party in the Church. Nestorius refused to call Mary the Mother of God, saying she was only the mother of His human nature, thus probably laying a stress upon the fact of Jesus being distinctly God and man. This mystery, which no one can fathom, led to the belief that Nestorius held dangerous views of Jesus being two persons. What he did say was, that there were two "knewmas" in Jesus. We have no word which really represents "knewma," but it means an appearance seen dimly as in a mist, not fully discerned nor understood. But of late years some manuscripts of Nestorius' writings have been found, which prove he did not hold the heretical doctrines attributed to him. The Syrian Bishops who

attended the Council had been delayed, and finding Nestorius cast out, they warmly espoused his cause and anathematised his opponents.

The controversy that continued for centuries to be discussed was, that Nestorius declared that God could not suffer or He would not be a perfect God; that God could not die, therefore it was only the humanity of Jesus that died. These subtle points of doctrine are too abstruse for human intellects to solve; but whether Nestorius was in error or not, it is certain the Syrians did not go by his views, since they were a strong and well-developed Church long before. And though called by his name, Nestorians of the present day are not heretics. They have been spoken of as the Protestants of the East, as distinguished from the Armenians, whose religion scarcely differs from the Greek Church. No pictures or images have ever been allowed in their churches, and it is very remarkable how for so many centuries, with no outside aid, and almost crushed by Mohammedan persecutions, they have maintained their ancient Church.

This Syrian nation early developed an extraordinary missionary zeal; they went everywhere preaching the Gospel—their churches were scattered from Cyprus to Pekin, from Southern India to the borders of Siberia. Some of the Chinese Emperors were converted, and sanctioned the building of numerous churches. In Sigan Fu, China, there is a monument recording in Syriac characters the leading doctrines of Christianity. This was erected in A.D. 780. The stone is whole, of a grey colour, and sonorous, responding with a bell-like sound on being struck.

Mosheim says that in the sixth century the Nestorians obtained a fixed residence in Persia, and that, from unquestionable authority and documents still existing, they had numerous societies in all parts of Persia, India, Armenia, Arabia, and Syria, under the jurisdiction of the Patriarch of Seleucia. He continues: "The Nestorians, with incredible industry and perseverance, laboured to propagate the Christian religion, from Persia, Syria, and India, among the barbarous and savage nations inhabiting the deserts and remotest shores of Asia;

and that their zeal was not inefficient appears from numerous proofs still existing."

The history of the race of kings so celebrated in history under the name of Prester John, shows us the influence of these Nestorian missionaries. Gibbon writes: "The first of these Mogul princes resided in Caracorum, nearly six hundred miles North-West of Pekin. He was baptised by priests sent out by the Nestorian Patriarchs. In the reign of the second Prester John, A.D. 1064, the Nestorian Patriarch is said to have sent a Bishop to China; the third in succession is described as a conqueror on the fields of Transoxiana and Persia. The last of this famous race of Christian kings was slain by Genghis Khan, about the year 1202. Yet two of the sons of Genghis, under the influence of their zealous mother, a daughter of Prester John, made a profession of the Christian faith."

Papal missions to China were sent by the Pope in 1289, but they complained that the Nestorians were so very powerful in China that they would not allow Christians of any other denomination to erect churches,

or to publish their peculiar doctrines.

The Christians of Malabar are descendants of these ancient missionaries, and only lately Mar Shimon sent a Bishop to them from Kurdistan.

No other nation or church can boast such a missionary record—it is unique; their labours spread over a period of 1200 years. It is amazing to contemplate the self-imposed task of so poor a Church. But after such long, and such noble, efforts, the Syrians were crushed and overwhelmed by the vast hordes of the false prophet. Persecuted and martyred in numbers, they were driven back to the mountain fastnesses of their fellow-tribes. There for long ages they have dwelt, maintaining their faith, and ancient customs, but so utterly forgotten by the outer world that their very existence as Israelites was unknown, and men spoke of the lost tribes, while safe in their "munition of rocks" God watched over the remnant of His people.

In vain have Turks, Persians, and Kurds attempted to subdue those valleys deep-hidden among the snow-capped mountains; to this day the Israelites dwell there, suffi-

cient to themselves. Their clothes are woven from the wool of their flocks, or from the silk of their silkworms, which are kept in large numbers. Sulphur is found in Baz, and lead lies near the surface of the ground, so they make their own gunpowder and arms. Fruit-trees and vineyards clothe the rich valleys, and for herbs and vegetables they have only to climb the mountain sides and find them growing wild. But for the terrible inroads of the murderous Kurds they might be a happy and prosperous people. Of late years the desire for education, and the love of study, has led large numbers to Western countries, but the mountaineers are irresistibly drawn to return to their native rocks and glens, which they dearly love.

The unchanging East has crystallised for us many customs which confirm the truth of the Bible. We find in Scripture many allusions to what is still the every-day life among the Nestorians. In Ezekiel, it is said of an outcast babe, "Thou wast not salted at all, nor swaddled at all." The customs for a new-born child have not altered since the days of Ezekiel; it is

bathed with salt water and wrapped in a long cloth, which binds its limbs tightly down, like a little mummy. This is done, as the parents fancy, to preserve the delicate little limbs from injury. We read of Mary that "she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes." It is not considered proper for the young mother to show her affection to her child; her part is simply to act as wet nurse, and to perform domestic duties. When Ruth had borne a son to Boaz, "the women said unto Naomi, Blessed be the Lord, which hath not left thee this day without a kinsman. . . . And Naomi took the child, and laid it in her bosom, and became nurse unto it. And the women her neighbours gave it a name, saying, There is a son born to Naomi."

In the West, when a son marries, he usually leaves his parents' house, but in the East the sons bring their wives to the ancestral home, where a room is allotted to each, while the housekeeping remains one; the sons remain in complete subordination to the father, and bring home their earnings to the common purse. Thus we find Esau,

though married, still living in the parental tents.

There exist few family names in the East; a man's name is often coupled with that of his business, or profession, as Ahmed the baker. This was common in Bible times, for there we find "Simon the tanner," "Alexander the coppersmith," "John the Baptist." Among the Nestorians the same custom prevails, or a man is designated by his father's name, as Gabriel bar Alexander. We notice this frequently in the Bible. David is spoken of as the son of Jesse. Every Jew prided himself on being the son of Abraham, and our Lord Himself followed this custom when He loved to speak of Himself as the "Son of man."

As for women, they add their husband's name to their own, or if unmarried their father's name; their own names are often very fanciful and pretty—stars, flowers, gems, all furnish names to express the merits of the fair one. In Isaiah we read of the Israelites under the form of a bride: "Thou shalt be no more termed Forsaken, but thou shalt be called Hephzibah, for the Lord delighteth in thee." Zipporah is a

bird, Naomi pleasant, Esther a star, Shushan a lily. Women, in the city especially, still wear the veil as did Rebekah when she met Isaac: "therefore she took a veil, and covered herself." We hear also of Ruth's veil. And Leah could not have been mistaken for Rachel had she not been veiled.

The young wives of the family are under the guardianship of the mother-in-law, as we see Ruth and Orpah were both prepared to follow Naomi to her own land.

The parents among Nestorians choose their son's wife, as Abraham did for Isaac, and Hagar for Ishmael. The women to this day wear across their forehead the pieces of silver described in the parable of the lost piece.

It is common even now for the host, at table, to dip a piece of bread in the gravy, and give it to one of his guests.

Another sign of the Israelitish origin of the Nestorians is their peculiar regard for the Sabbath. They have "the preparation for the Sabbath," beginning about three hours before sunset on Saturday, when all labour must cease, excepting that which is necessary. It is affirmed by the Nestorians that

the stern rule of the Mosaic law, "Whosoever doeth any work on the Sabbath day, he shall surely be put to death," was for ages literally carried out amongst them.

Again, a woman cannot enter the church for forty days after the birth of a child, as commanded in the Levitical law. Another peculiarity is their abhorrence of "swine's flesh" and other meats prohibited in the laws of Moses.

Their manner of living, and usual occupations, seem to be precisely the same as those of the ten tribes at the time of their captivity; they cultivate their fields and vineyards in the same way, use the same kind of utensils as those formerly used by the Israelites. But as shepherds, the resemblance comes out still more strongly. The Hebrews were essentially a nation of shepherds. They were shepherds for four hundred years in Egypt; they came out with immense flocks and herds; and forty years after we find them in the borders of Canaan still increasing their flocks, taking from the Midianites 670,000 sheep, and from the Hagarites 250,000.

The two tribes of Reuben and Gad, and

the half-tribe of Manasseh, sought to secure the rich grazing lands of Bashan because "they had a very great multitude of cattle." These were the tribes first carried captive into Assyria. Their flocks travelled with them, and Esdras tells us they took a year and a-half to accomplish the journey; there could have been no great difficulty in this, the whole route over the plains of Mesopotamia furnishing a magnificent pasturage. They had only to move along at a leisurely pace, seizing the most favourable time for crossing different parts of the country, to reach the new home allotted to them, without fatigue either to themselves or their cattle.

A few years later their brethren in Samaria were brought to the same locality, God having so ordered that, though deported at different times, and by different monarchs, His people should not be divided.

The following striking testimony is quoted from the journal of one of the American missionaries of Urumiah: "Yesterday I received a visit from two Jews I had employed to bind some Nestorian MSS.

'After conversing for some time, I enquired of the Jews how it was they spoke the Nestorian language, and whether they had ever learned it from them. They answered without hesitation 'No!' I then asked them if the Nestorians had learned the language from them; they again answered 'No!' 'How is it, then,' I asked, 'that you speak the same language?' One of them replied, 'The Nestorians separated themselves from us'; they knew it was so, for it was written in their books."

The antipathy that exists between Jews and Nestorians is notorious, and yet the Nestorians in conversation with the Jews say, "We are the children of the same father; will you acknowledge us as brethren?" And the reply of the Jew is, "Yes, you are brethren of the stock of Israel." Thus proving that some of the ten tribes continued to maintain the ancient faith, when the rest became Christians.

There were, however, a third part, who before the Christian era had separated themselves from the Adiabene tribes who remained in the mountains; and being idolators like their forefathers, became

mingled with other nations, until their identity with Israel was completely lost and forgotten. It appears that these are the real lost tribes—not the Nestorians, who have always known they were Beni Israel. Of this heathen section we must speak in another chapter.

THE WANDERERS.

THE WANDERERS.

THERE is another remarkable people whose origin has also been traced to the Israelites. These are the Scythians, a name applied to numerous wandering tribes, among whom Herodotus describes a superior race, "the noble Scythians," who kept themselves apart from other nations. Diodorus says they inhabited all the mountainous parts as far as to Mount Caucasus (the very territory of the Israelites), from which they migrated into Europe.

One of the Nestorians who visited me told me of a curious manuscript he had read in one of their ancient mountain churches. This stated that in the time of Sultan Mohammed, who took Constantinople and Jerusalem, a great massacre of Christians took place in Mesopotamia and Mosul. The Syrians fled to their fellow-countrymen

in the mountains of Kurdistan. There they held a council and resolved to win their way to freedom. They proclaimed that in order that all should be able to travel, no child was to be born for twelve years—that husbands and wives should remain separate for that term. At the end of twelve years they hid their treasures, filled up the wells, destroyed the springs by stopping them up with wool, in order to spoil the country. Then, says the manuscript, thirty millions of souls rose up, crossed the Euphrates, drew their swords and forced their way westwards. We do not know where they went, nor what became of them. Those who had young children were left in the mountains, and were called by their countrymen "badnoser," a word which signifies they had no self-control, and so were left behind.

Whatever truth there may be in this legend it is probable that all the Israelites were not confined to the mountains and plains of Adiabene—that, following their ancestral customs, they were wanderers in many lands. The Scythians described by Herodotus have been identified with them—

he speaks of them as a noble and superior race, more cultivated than the nations among whom they sojourned; but yet idolators, worshipping the sun, moon, fire, and earth. Moses had prophesied of this when he said, "Take ye, therefore, good heed unto yourselves, lest thou lift up thine eyes unto heaven, and when thou seest the sun, and the moon, and the stars, even all the host of heaven, shouldest be driven to worship them and serve them."

Johannes Boemus, in speaking of the laws and customs of all nations, remarks that the Scythians were never corrupted by the rude and savage behaviour of any foreign nation. Other early writers say they were always famous for worthy and heroic acts. They drove Darius, the Persian king, out of Scythia. As Darius advanced they moved forward, never stopping to give battle, Darius pursuing them from day to day. When the king, losing patience, sent them word if they were men they should halt and give battle, the chief of the Scythians replied they were not fleeing, they were doing now as they always did, moving from place to place; come and find them, and

then see if the Scythians could fight. At last, his supplies being all spent, the Scythians sent a herald to Darius, bearing, as a gift, a frog, a mouse, a bird, and five arrows, intimating that if the Persians were wise they could interpret them. The king's counsellors decided that it meant "Unless you fly away like a bird, or hide in the earth as a mouse, or dive into the lakes like a frog, we will shoot you to death with our arrows." Darius then decided to return.

The Massagetae, invaded by Cyrus, was a tribe of the Scythians; their queen, Tomyris, defeated Cyrus in battle—he was slain, and his army destroyed.

There is much evidence to show that the Scythians were Israelites. Wherever they went, their course can be traced by high mounds. Dr. Clark, describing the country beyond the Caucasus, observes the most frequent objects were tumuli; and believes they were raised as marks of guidance across these vast plains. In Jeremiah we read, "Is Ephraim my dear son? I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord. Set thee up waymarks, make thee high

mounds; set thine heart toward the highway, even the way which thou wentest."

The word Scythians means wanderers, and was applied to them by the Greeks, but they never called themselves by this name. The Romans called them Goths, as is evidenced by Strabo and Pliny. Among the princes of Scythia was one called Odin, shortly before the time of our Lord; he commanded the Æsir people, whose country was situated between the Black and Caspian Seas. In Hebrew Asar is the word for ten, as also in Syriac: can we fail to see in this a reference to the ten tribes? Odin, with the youth of his tribe, marched North-West, conquering Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. The old chronicles speak very highly of him as a conqueror, a lawgiver, and a poet. He subsequently was worshipped as a god, and from him we have the name of our day, Wednesday, or Woden's day.

The great Roman Empire was overrun and destroyed by these Goths or Scythians. What a strange providence of God, if He used the Israelites to inflict this punishment on the iron nation who had destroyed Jeru-

salem, and sent into exile their fellow-tribes of Judah and Benjamin!

Balder, another of the Scandinavian gods, was a son of Odin, and was ruler of the Angles. Hengist and Horsa, who conquered England in the fifth century, reckoned Odin or Wodin as their ancestor. Odin himself died in Sweden.

We have thus traced the connection between the Nestorians and our own ancestors, and in so doing establish their peculiar claim on our sympathy. Is it not remarkable that Isaiah, so many years ago, should have written, "Keep silence before me, O islands; and let the people renew their strength: let them come near; then let them speak: let us come near together to judgment. Who raised up the righteous man from the east, called him to his foot, gave the nations before him, and made him rule over kings? He gave them as the dust to his sword, and as driven stubble to his bow."

The blessings of both Jacob and Moses to the tribes are wonderfully fulfilled in our own time.

In the coronation chair, in which all our

monarchs are crowned, is the ancient stone called "Lia Fail," the stone of destiny. A prophecy from time immemorial has been attached to it, which, translated from the Irish, runs thus:

Unless the fates are faithless grown,
And prophet's voice be vain,
Where'er is found this sacred stone
The wanderer's race shall reign.

Although language is not considered any test of a people's genealogy, as language is so frequently adopted from the countries they dwell in, yet it is remarkable that many of our English words bear a close resemblance to those the Nestorians still use. Thus "eye" in Syriac is "eyni"; "gain" is "kain." A "shoe" is "solee," which resembles the sole of the shoe. "Tap" is the same; "culman" is "all men." "Dubar" is like "dubious," which is its meaning. "Kam," arise, is like our "come." "Calla," a voice, is our "call." "Recka," scent, is the original of our "reek"; "racket," to run, of our "racket." "Bakur" is like "enquire," which is its meaning. "Kawri," to bury, resembles "cover." "Ksee" is "see." "Acroni," a

brother, is surely the progenitor of our old word "crony," a close friend. We speak of "cutting bread," a Syrian says "cuttee lachma." "Casa," a cover, is our "case." "Tura," a mountain, is like "tower." "Makika" is "meek." "It war" means "it was." "Sipa" is lip, from which we have "sip." "Quadri" is "quantity." "Shakani" is "legs," our old word "shanks." "Be" is "by." "Nakoop," shame, resembles "naked." "Junka" is "young man," our "youngster," and the German "junka." "Sharka" is "sugar." "Sharik" is "to share." "Cari" is "cry." "Deraga" is "degree." "Noker" is "knock." "Katil" is "kill." "Kasa" is "goose." "Yalad" is "lad." "Chany" is "chin." "Rad" is "rid." "Catoo," a "cat." "Crabusha," apple, is our "crab (or wild) apple." "Gourta" is "great." "Ve" is "be." "Maniya," "meaning." "Paree," "pay." "Passim," a step, our "pass." "Trusa" is "truly." "Morta," death, our "mortal." "Slee," to descend, is our "slide." Gawriel when he first came to me, said he came from the mountains, "slee, slee, slee." "Agona" is "agony." "Ganta," "garden." "Resa,"

order, resembles "reason." "Bad" is "bad." "Bazer," to despise, is our "base." "Laky" is "to lick." "Persopa" is "person." "Caper," to offend or blaspheme, suggests our "captious." "Yea" is "yes." "Havee," "have." "Kazad" is "gaze." "Bebar" is "pepper." "Ara" is "earth." "Partik," open, we have in "parting the lips." "Mater" is "material." "Lapa" is wave, we say the "wave laps" the shore. Baby language seldom changes; we still say "Ta" to a baby, not knowing it means "come." "Bibi" is "baby." A boy is said to be "a little Turk"; in Syriac that would be "a foolish child."

We make no theories from these words, which may, or may not, be derived from the Syriac, but merely call attention to curious resemblances; probably there are many more.

Mr. R. Govett has written a book to prove that English is derived from Hebrew. The Rev. J. Tomlin also shows that one-fourth of the Saxon words bears an affinity to the Hebrew, and he says also there is this close affinity in the arrangement of ideas, and the structure of sentences, and for this reason

it is comparatively easy to translate the Hebrew Scriptures into English. This similarity between the two languages was noticed by Tyndal, the first translator of the whole Bible into English; he says, "The properties of the Hebrew tongue agree a thousand tymes more with ye Englyshe than with ye Latyn." The beauty of the English Scripture has often been remarked from the similarity of the idiom to the original.

We may wonder whether there were not traces of Bible teaching in the old poems and legends of our Scandinavian ancestors —if, indeed, they were descended from the Israelites. Could the recollection of their great fathers be entirely lost—David's psalms, and Solomon's wisdom? The constant sacrifices, must they not have left some trace on the mind of an intelligent people?

In Ezekiel we read, "Moreover, also, I gave them my Sabbaths, to be a sign between Me and them, that they might know that I am the Lord that doth sanctify them." These words are spoken to "the house of Israel." The Sabbath was to be a

sign that, however far they had wandered from God, Israel was still His people. A sign is not needed except in some obscurity. The Saxon race were known to have always kept a seventh day of rest; so up to the present day this sign has always existed, linking them to Israel.

Odin, we have seen, was not only a great warrior who subdued every nation in his progress from Asia Minor to Sweden, but was evidently a great and wise leader, and reverence for his memory caused him, as time went on, to be confused with the God of their fathers. For he is called "the All-father," "the All-wise," "the High One"; Odin's son "Balder, the beautiful," is slain, over whom all creation mourns. There is this same tradition in all the early mythologies; Osiris, Adonis, Tammuz, Bacchus, each meets in his youth a bloody death, from which he rises again in glory. Surely this is the Messiah, whose prophecies were handed down as man's most precious heritage! Death and resurrection were understood and believed in by those ancient worshippers. Probably it led to the worship of the sun; going down in the crimson West

as though bathed in blood, to rise in renewed splendour in the East, it seemed a worthy type of the promised Saviour.

Thor, the mighty one, is probably a recollection of Samson. Loki is Satan, the spirit of wickedness and mischief-making; it is through his device that Balder is slain, though not by his hand, but by one who obeys Loki's directions. Balder, the beautiful, "was the best among the gods, praised by all beings, the wisest, the fairest spoken, and the most pitiful, and yet of such nature that none might overrule his judgments. His home was in the heavens called Broadbeam, where nought unclean might enter." Hermod rides to the land of departed spirits and sees Balder sitting on the high seat, and prays that leave be given to Balder to return with him because of the great mourning among the gods.

The Scandinavians kept up the ceremony of the scapegoat, by which they believed all evil might be expelled; this also is a link to Israelitish law.

In the poem of "The words of Odin the High One," we trace many resemblances to the proverbs of Solomon; we can but quote

a few, literally translated by Miss Olive Bray:—

The unwise man is awake all night,
And ponders everything over;
When morning comes he is weary in mind,
And all is a burden as ever.

Eccles. ii. 23.

A guest must depart again on his way,
Nor stay in the same place ever;
If he bide too long on another's bench
The loved one soon becomes loathed.

Prov. xxv. 17.

One's own house is best, though small it may be;
Each man is master at home;
Though he have but two goats, and a bark-thatched hut,
'Tis better than craving a boon.

Prov. xv. 16.

To his friend a man should bear him as friend,
To him and a friend of his;
But let him beware that he be not the friend
Of one who is friend to his foe.

Prov. xviii. 24.

Wise in measure should each man be;
But let him not wax too wise;
Seldom a heart will sing with joy
If the owner be all too wise.

Eccles. i. 18.

In another poem, "The Soothsaying of the Vala," we have allusion to the Æsir—the ten tribes:—

Then went all the Powers to their thrones of doom,
The most holy gods, and o'er this took counsel:
Whether the Æsir should pay a were-gild
And all Powers together make peaceful offering.

From the same poem these beautiful verses convey the conception of the end of the world:—

Comes forth the glorious offspring of Earth,
Thor, to strive with the glistening Serpent.

The sun is darkened, Earth sinks in the sea,
From heaven turn the bright stars away.
Rages smoke with fire, the life feeder;
High flame plays against heaven itself.

I see uprising a second time
Earth from the ocean green anew;
The waters fall, on high the eagle
Flies o'er the fell and catches fish.

The Æsir are gathered on the fields of labour;
They speak concerning the great World Serpent,
And remember there things of former fame
And the mightiest God's old mysteries.

And there unsown shall the fields bring forth ;
All harm shall be healed ; Baldr will come—
Hod and Baldr shall dwell in Valholl,
At peace the war gods. Would ye know further,
and what ?

I see yet a hall more fair than the sun,
Roofed with gold in the fire-sheltered realm ;
Ever shall dwell there all holy beings,
Blest with joy through the days of time.

Comes from on high to the great assembly
The mighty Ruler who orders all.

Fares from beneath a dim dragon flying,
A glistening snake from the moonless fells.
Fierce stinger bears the dead on his pinions
Away o'er the plains.—I sink now and cease.*

* From the *Edda*, by Olive Bray.

GABRIEL'S ADDITION.

GABRIEL'S ADDITION.

I WAS born at Nineveh, in the village of Khwarizan, among the ancient ruins; I do not know my age, as people keep no record of dates. My grandmother says I was born in May, but she does not know what year. The people who live at Nineveh are called Yezidees or devil worshippers; they believe that the air is full of little demons. You must not spit, except very gently, for fear of insulting the demons by spitting on them. And you must not pour boiling water on the ground for fear of scalding the little demons. Each village has a shrine where the principal demon lives, and all prayers and offerings are made to him; in order that he should not do any injury to them. When you leave the territory of one deity and go to another place, you must offer your prayers and gifts to the new deity there. You can curse the one you have left if you wish, for you are out of

his power, and protected by the god you are now worshipping.

While we were living in a village called Dogata, my sister and myself fell ill, and my nanna, as we call grandmother, went to consult a woman priest of the Yezidees; she claimed that the spirits would tell her in the night what was the matter. In the morning she said that my sister and I were passing by the shrine and did not behave nicely, and the demon was angry, and his influence had made us to be ill, and if we did not make an offering and reconcile to him, he might kill us. So, early in the morning, my nanna took us to the top of the hill, put some water on the earth, and made some miry clay, and she painted our nose and cheeks and chin, and turned our face to the shrine as the sun rose early in the morning. And she made an offering and said, "If my children get well, and we go to the mountains, I will kill a ram, and give it to the poor people."

My grandmother was a Christian, but she had got under the influence of the Yezidees, and their superstitions. She loved me specially, because I was youngest, and would always say, "My dear son, do

not go anywhere, because I want you always by my side; do not go to study, for you will find the more you study, the more there will be till you die; and the wealth of the world is nothing—stay at home with your own people. I know if you go to America I should not see you again, for there was a young man ambitious just like you, and he went to America; he went to the place called ocean, and there you will be twelve months to go to the other world. Of course, it is day here, but night there; when you get to the ocean the ship goes between the land and water to go to the other world. About half-way to the next world this young man got sick; he had no friend with him, no mother, no brother, to sympathize with him, and the people would not take him back, and what happened, do you think? The poor young man died. Do you think those people would care to take him on shore to bury him? No, they threw him in the water; and, my dear son, do not go, or that will happen to you, and you will have no one to sympathize and help you."

I loved her dearly; her memories are motherly and sweet to my heart. I feel I

have lost the blessing of seeing her for the last time, for her labour, and love, and struggle of life was more than a mother's to us. In her last letter to me in America, she said, "Come soon, my son, I want to see you once more, and put your hand on my eyes for the last time; then I shall be satisfied with my death." She used to say, "Why does not the Lord take me, while I have lived long enough, and these young people fall away? But I know the Lord keeps my life till you children are grown up." She was a very noble woman, and of a very high family. No one ever said anything against her, everyone loved her so much; her name was Peray.

Yezidees believe in the transmigration of souls, and their behaviour in life is with the intent that they should be born better creatures next time. If a man is very good, he may be born a king; if he is a bad man, he is born an ordinary man; if he is worse than that, he will be born a woman; if altogether bad, he will be a cat, or mouse, or insect.

We all love money, and so these people want to get their money after death; they

have no banks to deposit money, they do not trust each other, so they dig in the ground, or put it in the foundations of the house. Suppose a man was born in Palestine: he would remember where he used to live, and say, "I'm going to get my money"; so often people hide their money, and when others dig they find a jar of money.

There was a lady who had an only-begotten son, and he died. Next morning a calf was born across the street; she heard the calf's voice pleading, she recognised her son's voice in the calf's voice, and she believed because her son was bad he was born a calf. She went and bought the calf, giving it milk, and hugging it, saying, "My dear son, if you were a good man, you would not be born a calf now." Dear friends, we must not only be amused by these things, but pray to God to send His Gospel to these heathen lands, that they may come to the knowledge of the Son of God, believe in the true God, and in the future of being with God in all eternity, in beautiful heaven, instead of being born a creature. We can send the Gospel, if we cannot go, to enlighten even the darkest part of the world,

and we shall receive our "Well done" from our Heavenly Master. What a difference between the future hope of these people and the hope that Christ has revealed to us, when He says, "I go to prepare a place for you; where I am, there shall ye be also," living with Him for ever.

We have spoken of the Yezidees, where I was born; now let us consider about the Kurds who inhabit the country where I was brought up. The language of the Kurds is Kermanji, which has never been reduced to writing; it resembles very much the ancient Persian language, and no doubt they are descended from the Medes and Persians. They are nominally Mohammedans, but of the most ignorant and wild kind. They go to the mosque to pray, and the most religious of them have a stick and make a mark for each prayer, and when they have filled the stick they present it to the chief priest. Sometimes they have a meeting called "khalwat," a kind of prayer meeting; they all kneel, and sway themselves backwards and forwards all night, and cry "Allah, Allah, Mohammed, Rasoul, Allah," without ceasing, till one of them faints

away; then he is called "baheshti," or heavenly one, for he is gone to commune with Allah and Mohammed.

They are very careful over purification —they have pools of water round which flat stones are laid; they wash their feet, and kneel on the stones to pray. They have one month of fasting; they eat three times in the night, and fast in the day. Friday is their Sabbath, but they never keep it, though the Mohammedans in Turkey and Persia do so.

Kurds are polygamists. A man marries two or three wives that they may spin, and weave beautiful rugs; four or five other wives he sends in the field; one or two will be taking care of the house, one is like a nurse to take care of the babes. They have no convenience for taking them out, so the nurse makes a sack of a triangular shape, called a parzun. A rope is fastened to each angle, and the side left open; five or six babies are put in, and she carries them on her back. All one can see is little faces, some smiling, some crying, and some scratching each other's faces, which is very amusing to see, but very sad to think of such

a miserable home life compared with English homes.

The men like to wear long robes, and sit in the public square, and smoke till dinner-time, when the man comes home. As he approaches the door, one of the wives will run to take his sandals off; the next one will bring a basin of water and wash his feet; while another will bring his dinner, which he eats all alone, for none of his wives are allowed to eat with him; what is left the women share. The Kurds believe that a woman has no soul—that she will die and go to nothing, and Mohammed has prepared beautiful wives for them in heaven. It is very easy for a man to divorce a wife any time he wishes to do so, which is by picking three stones from the ground and throwing them away; they are called "talaki," which means promises, alluding to the three promises he made when he married. It is very touching to see the old woman with the sack of her clothing on her back, weeping as she leaves the home where she has laboured, for the last time. She has either to go to her relatives, or to work for others for her living.

Some of their customs are the same as ours, such as wailing for the dead. When someone dies, the best singers are brought to sing the praises of the departed, and make people weep. The singing is very beautiful and touching, and at the close of each verse, all burst out weeping, pulling their hair, smiting on their breasts and faces, putting ashes on their heads; and some will cut their hair off. When my mother was dying, my nanna brought a knife to cut my beautiful sister's hair, and my mother, though she could not speak, put her hand on my sister's head, to show her displeasure at the act. My sister had blue eyes and long, fair hair—this is never seen except in the mountains; but some of the mountain men are fair. My other sister was like me, with dark eyes.

My dear mother was tall, with dark eyes and dark hair, and was very handsome, devoted to her four children. Always I have felt that I had not the blessing of seeing my mother after I grew up; one feels the mother's love and tenderness after she is gone, and appreciates it more than when she is living, and there is nothing in the

world that will take the place of mother's love.

To return again to the Kurds: they thoroughly believe in robbery as an occupation. At the time of one of the Pharaohs, stealing was practised generally, and Pharaoh used to get the tithe of what was stolen. So now among the Kurds, the thief has to give the tenth part to his chief.

Even in the plain of Persia, where is my mission station, these brigands attack from the mountains. On the chapel I have built a low battlement of stone for fighting. Whenever the Kurds surround the town, we go up on the church top, and shoot in that direction to scare them. And when I go from village to village preaching, I have my Bible on one side and revolver on the other side, and my gun hung over my shoulder, with belts of cartridges covering my body. If anyone sees me galloping to my preaching they would think me one of the robbers, and never take me for a preacher. Although I have often engaged in war, the Lord has delivered me wonderfully, and I have never killed a man.

Dear Lord has guided me in all my life;

even when I was young, and not knowing where I was going, in my journey to England and America, yet He was leading. I remember well when I landed in Ellis Island, New York, I was taken with a crowd of poor people for examination. They examined my head, my mouth, and my eyes, and my body; then they took me to some other place to see how much money I had. I was very much afraid of showing my money, because I was afraid they would take it away from me. But they gave me my money back, and sent me to a room filled with poor people. Then I looked on the ticket they had given me, and it was printed on it "Turner." I knew a little English, and knew "return" was to go back, so I thought that "Turner" was the one who was going back; so I sat down weeping, thinking of this great ocean again where I had been ill for six days, and I thought I would die. While I was weeping, suddenly someone lifted up my head; it was Miss May Melby, a Swedish missionary from Calvary Baptist Church, of which Dr. MacArthur is the pastor. She said, "Why are you crying?" I said, "They

are sending me back." She asked me how much money I had. I showed her the money; then she said, "No, they will not send you back." Then I showed her my ticket, that was printed on it "Turner." But she laughed, and said it was the name of a gentleman in the Government that was on the ticket. She gave me a little New Testament, which I keep always as a sweet memory, and cheered me up, and gave me her address and told me to write to her. Through her I was introduced to Dr. MacArthur, and that led to my going to the seminary, being ordained, and going back as a missionary to my country.

I ask the readers of this book to pray that God may use me in bringing unsaved ones into the light of the Gospel, and Christians into the higher life, that their eyes may be opened to receive the Holy Spirit and surrender fully to Him.

Gabriel is a true missionary in Persia; we give one letter from him:—

"My dear Mother,

This is a lovely morning, it is just half-past five; Shushan is still in bed, sleep-

ing on the roof. My mother-in-law is churning maita in the yard; the Geogtapa herd is massing by our door to go for grazing, the birds are sweetly singing on the tree in my father-in-law's yard, and I am down in a small room of mud walls, writing to you, while your photo stands on my desk, just near my head. This table or desk I bought three years ago from David Abraham; it is an old one belonging to Deacon Abraham, which his orphans have made for him. From this desk many letters have been written to you by our beloved father. While I am writing to you I am looking to the hill at the grave of Deacon Abraham and little Shmuel, and wishing that they would know that on the same desk I am writing to loving mother who have spent her possessions and strength for the extension of the kingdom of God. If little Shmuel would know I am writing to his mother, how joyful and grateful he would be! At the close of my letter I am going to sit at his grave, for you. I was wondering when I die, into whose hands this desk will fall. It is so providential, yet of such great interest to my heart; I take

it to be most historic of anything he has left.

God is using my preaching here this Summer in a wonderful way. I have never before been able to reach many hearts as now. On Sunday morning I give time for confession and prayers. Many have testified in giving themselves to Jesus; but I am more pleased to hear from some Christians telling me of their uneasiness, and unhappy condition of mind. They are thinking of the power of the Holy Spirit; they have begun, it seems to me, to feel miserable—I am glad of that; but I am not going to tell them what is matter with them. I believe they will let Him in, and He will reveal to them what was the trouble, as He did to me. I pray that here in Persia may be an outpouring of the Holy Spirit as it was in Korea and China; Jesus has many a one here and He will get them. God has never made me to feel more anxious to preach this higher life, the real life, to live for God in God. To be possessed by the Spirit of God, to trust and joy in Him. Oh, how sweet it is! I ask the Holy Spirit to guide me, to speak what is good and pure; I am not mine, now I am His, and He is mine. What

a wonderful Comforter He is! He is my joy, He is my instructor in everything, He is my companion; it is His power that I am able to witness and tell of Him; He unites His own in a bond of eternal love. I kneel now here to pray, I feel you are at my side, and your presence with me is engaged in prayer and adoration to God Almighty. If this earthly communion is so blessed, how wonderful shall our union and communion in heaven be! In a few more years we will be called to our heavenly home to meet our precious Friend over there, where there will be no more parting. Our love then will be perfect, our friendship eternal, and communion sweet. No one can disturb our peace, or take away our joy. We shall have spiritual body, and Satan will have no power to give or cause sickness. Oh, what a sweet home shall that be, which Jesus has prepared for us, all free, with such a companion of saints!

Before I wrote this, I offered my heart to God and my Redeemer, I talked to my beloved Friend Holy Spirit, and asked Him to be your comfort, and give you all joy, and protect you from all trials. I think of

you daily as my spiritual mother whom has given me birth of this spiritual life, my leader into it through the power of Holy Spirit.

Lovingly your

GAWRIEL."

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